THE NEW JEWISH ACTIVISM...AND SILENCE

PETER DREIER and DANIEL MAY

RABBI ARTHUR WASKOW

The Nation.

WHEN WILL THEY VOTE AGAIN?

THE BLUEGRASS ROOTS TARGET MITCH McCONNELL OVER IRAQ by BOB MOSER

OCTOBER 1, 2007
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LETTERS

R.O. BLECHMAN

MUGGLES FOR HARRY POTTER!

Letters from muggles of all stripes—parents, grandparents, teachers, doctors, librarians, readers old and young—were unanimous in decrying Lakshmi Chaudhry's "Harry Potter and the Half-Baked Epic" [Aug. 13/20], her review of the final book of the series. Letters featured such terms as "humorless," "sanctimonious," "asinine," "off the mark," "nonsense," "half-baked" and "a review that might have appeared in The Weekly Standard." *A reader opined that Chaudhry had "splattered herself with her own ink. Perhaps the quill she used came from Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes." No letters were delivered by owl.*

—The Editors

Dublin

■ I was taken aback by Lakshmi Chaudhry's venomous attack on the *Harry Potter* saga. Looking behind the cheap point-scoring, I find it hard to see what her problem with the book really is. On the one hand she criticizes Voldemort for being a cardboard villain but then has a go at Harry for not being a cardboard hero and at the series for not having a cardboard and crystal-clear moral. I suspect—based on her pulling Bush into the last sentence—that the real problem is that J.K. Rowling didn't use the final battle to mirror the great battle in American politics. Perhaps she'd have liked to see Harry lead the charge to impeach Voldemort?

STIG EDVARTSEN

Richmond, Va.

■ Is Lakshmi Chaudhry really Rita Skeeter in disguise, and is this really the *Daily Prophet*? That could explain why you failed to pick a reviewer with no ax to grind to critique the *Harry Potter* books. You could have chosen a high school or college student or even me, a grandmother who's a retired librarian, editor and writer with two degrees behind my name, and who has read all the books seven times. We could all tell you that Chaudhry/Skeeter missed the major points of the epic. First and foremost—it's a great story! The imaginative weaving of several plots, the character development and the creation of another world all draw the reader into caring participation with the characters. Good conquers evil! All classes of creatures care! And yes—love and unselfishness are important. Got a problem with that, Skeeter?

ANNE MORROW DONLEY

Augusta, Me.

■ Lakshmi Chaudhry's critique was shortsighted. The books are written to appeal to young readers, and Rowling has hit that mark dead-on. If Chaudhry doesn't know that adolescents are preoccupied with themselves and where they fall into the scheme of things, she is, well, preoccupied with being an adult. Most children don't know anything about Hitler or World War II. Rowling brings a taste of the "real world" into a story that children can and want to relate to. It is a beginning. I feel the books do much good in giving kids an idea of the horrors that lurk "out there" without destroying hope that sacrifice and perseverance can win in the end.

CYNTHIA HOOK

Scottsdale, Ariz.

■ The charge of "moral fuzziness" leveled against the *Harry Potter* books recalls the term "moral clarity" that right-wingers ascribe to themselves. Harry gradually achieves maturity by understanding the flaws in his various fathers and by assuming responsibility when their foresight fails. Only when he understands that his idolized teacher, Dumbledore, was driven by his own acute sense of failure does he at last gain the insight necessary to undo Voldemort.

There are no fathers endowed with wisdom or queens radiating gentle beauty; good and evil are not cosmic forces embodied in hero-saints and demon-villains but the result of human steps and missteps. These moral and psychological perceptions drive the drama, and they drive fundamentalists wild.

JAY HOCHSTEDT

Edinburg, Tex.

■ I wonder if Lakshmi Chaudhry has spent any time reading *Harry Potter* with a child, the actual audience for the series. My son has thoroughly enjoyed the books, and I have read them so we can discuss them. I have encouraged him to dig deeper, to ask questions and to wrestle with some of the larger issues developed in these books.

This final volume follows the kind of quest that only a 17-year-old could undertake: the hard task of making the transition from child to adult. Because of his youth and inexperience Harry is not the most contemplative of heroes, and this lends credibility to his character. In a sense he is a typical 17-year-old, thrust into a situation that is clearly beyond him, trying to make the best of it. This means that he will approach events in a way that strikes many adults as shallow or naïve. Guess what? This is a more accurate representation than is usually trotted out for our perusal.

As for the epilogue—this is where I think Chaudhry displays a blind elitism and a misunderstanding of the series, as she finds this domestic tableau simplistic and shallow. I find it note-perfect. It represents the core of what Rowling was trying to describe as Harry's deepest yearning: a loving family.

Chaudhry wants cosmic significance. What most of us want is the love of family and friends safe to find their future. When boiled down, the solutions to the grand conflicts in history and in the present offer that opportunity. Perhaps that is simply too banal for Chaudhry. If so, that is a pity.

KEN A. GRANT

Beaverton, Ore.

■ Chaudhry seems to suggest that a real hero never doubts. I submit that all people doubt. The difference between the courageous and the cowardly doesn't lie in the doubts but in what they do with them. That Harry ruminates about lost time with his parents, has personal preferences and friendships, and begins to doubt Dumbledore makes his actions all the more heroic. The cowardly wallow; Harry moved forward. Regardless of his needs, he completed his mission for the benefit of the wizarding, and muggle, world.

ROBIN WHITAKER

Seattle

■ What's odd about Chaudhry's review of the latest *Harry Potter* book is that anyone would bother to analyze it. The Potter franchise is a series of by-the-numbers tales in which special, somewhat nerdy kids gain access to magical powers within the context of a fantasy world. This is a formulaic genre, not intended, as Chaudhry seems to believe, to contain some deep intellectual reflection on current political themes and events. The series has made J.K. Rowling and her publishers rich and has provided an escape for a certain category of kid. It's a product. Through whatever magic, it became a hit. End of story.

C. FRENSLEY

Verona, Wisc.

■ In this age of agonizing over the death of the book and will Johnny ever learn to read, we should be tickled pink that millions of kids *and* parents *and* grandparents are reading together and enjoying it!

JEAN BASS, *grandma*

NO NUKES—THEN & NOW

Silver Spring, Md.

■ Thank you to my wonderful colleague and friend Jonathan Schell for "The Spirit of June 12" [July 2], his insightful review of the past twenty-five years of national and international nuclear politics. His description of the grassroots nuclear disarmament movement, its strengths, victories, shortcomings, hard-to-quantify di-

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EDITORIALS

Beware the Lame Duck

For what seems like an eternity, we have eagerly anticipated January 20, 2009—the day George W. Bush must move out of the White House and slink home to Texas. So dismal has been his tenure that two-thirds of Americans apparently feel the same way, and more than one-third support impeachment. There is discussion in the mainstream press as to whether the Bush presidency ranks as the worst ever. Even the formerly sympathetic Washington press corps seems keen to write "The End." Sparked by the recent departures of Deputy Chief of Staff Karl Rove, Attorney General Alberto Gonzales and press secretary Tony Snow, the media have taken to calling Bush a lame-duck President whose political capital is spent and whose attention has turned to his civic afterlife: giving high-priced lectures and fussing over his Freedom Institute and presidential library.

But relief over Bush's last days should not blind us to this central fact: For the next sixteen months, his Administration *is* the executive branch. It still runs the occupation of Iraq, approves or vetoes laws and budgets, makes political and judicial appointments, issues federal regulations, negotiates treaties and trade agreements and controls a swollen network of surveillance and law enforcement agencies. Indeed, thanks to the implementation of the "unitary executive" theory and the unprecedented use of signing statements, Bush may be the most powerful and dangerous President in history.

Even amid the turmoil of this August's high-profile departures, the Administration continued to flex its muscles. It asked for—and Congress approved—broadly expanded powers to spy without a warrant on the international phone calls and e-mail of American citizens. Essentially legalizing wiretaps previously conducted in secrecy by the National Security Agency, the law gives the Attorney General and director of national intelligence, both appointed by the President, the authority to approve such surveillance—authority previously held by the judicial branch. The Administration also announced new rules that would require employers to fire any worker whose Social Security number does not match the federal database. These no-match checks, a brazen attempt to create a crisis in order to revive support for Bush's stalled immigration reforms, could affect millions of undocumented workers and imperil thousands of businesses. Then, with Congress in recess, the Administration sent an edict to state health officials that could deny many thousands of children access to the State Children's Health Insurance Program. Earlier, the Senate and House had passed bills that would make S-CHIP available to more kids; Bush has threatened a veto.

Spying on citizens, threatening financial ruin, depriving children of healthcare—it's hard to imagine a more reckless and unpopular agenda. But this Administration has rarely bothered with political reality; it has imposed its own version of it against the will of Congress and the people.

This fall will test the lame duck's ability to continue down this path. Democrats in Congress should insist on independent investigations into Attorneygate and other Administration scandals. Also looming are battles over Iraq War funding; reauthorization of the No Child Left Behind Act; passage of farm and energy bills; approval of free-trade agreements with Korea, Colombia and Peru; and hearings over Bush's next Attorney General nominee. These are not modest proposals. And a continuation of the status quo in Iraq spells disaster. By one rough estimate an Iraqi is killed every ten minutes and an American soldier, every ten hours. And every ten days, $2 billion is taken from our Treasury and pumped into the coffers of Blackwater, Halliburton and other war profiteers.

As a beleaguered public looks forward to the 2008 election

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and Bush's departure, anticipation must not induce complacency. Vigorous Congressional resistance is important, but it can only be a partial counterweight. Because this President has amassed extraordinary executive powers, normal checks and balances are insufficient, and there is little Congressional Democrats can do in the face of eleventh-hour regulations and vetoes. This is why during the next sixteen months we must not play a waiting game. There must be a wellspring of public activism and media vigilance. No matter how weak this President may seem, he intends to go out with a roar. Now is not the time for the bleating of sheep.

Failing Electoral College

The Electoral College is one of American democracy's most troubling eyesores—and it's getting worse. It gives voters unequal power based on where they live, can defeat the winner of the national popular vote and sidelines the majority of Americans, who live outside the dozen or so swing states. It also creates great opportunities for gaming the system—just ask California Republicans, who recently endorsed a proposed June 2008 ballot measure to divide California's slate of fifty-five electoral votes. They want the California winner—certain to be a Democrat next year—to take only two electoral votes, with the rest distributed according to who wins each Congressional district. If the measure is approved, Republicans would be guaranteed an Ohio-sized bloc of electors in a state they haven't won since 1988.

Democrats will spend millions to defeat this power grab. They have a strong case; allocating electoral votes by Congressional district is a misguided, undemocratic approach whether it's done state by state or nationally. In California, for example, only three Congressional districts were within an 8 percent margin in the presidential vote, hardly enough to draw candidates. On the national level, Congressional district allocation has a massive Republican bias due to Democratic votes being more concentrated in urban areas—in 2004, George W. Bush carried 59 percent of districts with 51 percent of the popular vote and in 2000 won 52 percent of districts while losing the popular vote to Al Gore.

Fortunately, we have the perfect vehicle for action: National Popular Vote (nationalpopularvote.com). Its founder, John Koza, refused to accept the conventional wisdom that nothing could be done for the landslide majority of voters who support electing Presidents by a national popular vote. His plan promises to make 2008 one of our last state-by-state elections for President.

The Constitution provides a road map for Koza's proposal. First, as California Republicans well know, states have plenary power over how to award their electoral votes; indeed some used to skip holding popular elections. Second, states can enter into binding interstate compacts: for example, the Port Authority agreement between New York and New Jersey and the Colorado River Compact. Putting those powers together, the National Popular Vote plan involves states entering into a compact to collectively award all of their electoral votes to the candidate who wins the national popular vote. It would take effect only when enacted by states possessing a majority of the electoral votes—

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that is, enough electoral votes to elect a President. The Electoral College will exist, but as a quaint relic: All focus in campaigns will be on who wins the national vote because that candidate is guaranteed to be President.

Since National Popular Vote's launch last year, its plan has passed legislative chambers in Arkansas, Illinois, California, Colorado, Hawaii, Illinois and North Carolina and won full enactment in Maryland. More than 360 state legislators from many states have agreed to sponsor the legislation, and endorsers include FairVote, Common Cause, the Asian American Action Fund, the National Black Caucus of State Legislators, the National Latino Congreso, the *Los Angeles Times*, the *New York Times* and former members of Congress like Republicans Tom Campbell and Jake Garn, Independent John Anderson and Democrat Birch Bayh.

FairVote's Presidential Election Inequality report powerfully demonstrates the case for reform. Many states' status as mere spectators is becoming entrenched, with the number of truly competitive states declining. That means fewer and fewer voters cast a meaningful ballot and have their concerns heard. In 2004 voter turnout was ten points higher in the twelve closest battleground states than in the twelve most lopsided states, and young adults in swing states were a third more likely to vote—a disparity sure to widen in 2008. In an eerie echo of the Electoral College's early years, when it favored slave states, a white person is now 50 percent more likely to live in a swing state than is a person of color. Rural states with small populations are also poorly represented, with only one of our thirteen smallest states competitive in 2004.

Louisiana is the poster child for how the current system affects policy. When hurricanes struck Florida in 2004, federal reaction was widely applauded—a far cry from the calamitous failures after Katrina struck New Orleans. It's no coincidence that Florida is the quintessential battleground. In the final five weeks of the 2004 presidential campaign, the four major candidates for President and Vice President made sixty-one campaign stops in Florida out of 291 nationally. Of $237 million spent on TV ads in that period by the campaigns and their backers, more than a quarter was spent in Florida. In contrast, Louisiana—like most states—earned no campaign visits during those final weeks and a measly $203,000 in TV ads. No campaign consultant studied Louisiana voters; indeed, Bush's campaign team didn't poll a single person outside eighteen battleground states in the thirty months leading up to the election.

Establishing a national popular vote has remarkable popular support: 70 percent in recent polls, with particularly high support among independent swing voters. Arguments in favor of the current system are at best dated and at worst elitist and defeatist. By strengthening the voting power of all Americans and treating all voters equally, the National Popular Vote plan rests on a key pillar for any lasting reform: equality. Candidates for national office should have incentives to speak to everyone; parties should have every incentive to build in all states; volunteers should be empowered to take action wherever they live; and all Americans should have the power to hold their President accountable, whether they live in the hills of Utah, the plains of Kansas, the streets of Chicago or the coasts of Florida. Only a national popular vote will do.

ROB RICHIE

Rob Richie, executive director of FairVote (fairvote.org), is a co-author of Every Vote Equal, *about the National Popular Vote plan.*

The Housing Bubble Pops

The housing market is in its worst downturn since the Great Depression—and it's taking the rest of the economy down with it. Most forecasters insist there won't be a recession, although the August job losses forced even optimists to acknowledge that the meltdown is causing serious economic problems. (When it comes to recessions, the professionals seem to be the last to find out: On the eve of the last downturn, in the fall of 2000, *all* the Blue Chip 50 forecasters predicted solid growth for the following year.)

The downturn should not have been a surprise. House prices rose at an unprecedented rate over the past dozen years. For a hundred years, from 1895 to 1995, house prices nationwide increased at the same pace as the overall inflation rate. Since 1995 inflation-adjusted house prices have risen by more than 70 percent. It should have been clear to economists that this run-up was being driven by a speculative bubble. There was no change in the fundamentals of supply or demand that could have explained the rise.

Like Japan's in the 1980s, the US housing bubble coincided with its stock bubble. While the two bubbles burst simultaneously in Japan, in the United States the stock collapse actually fueled the growth of the housing bubble. Investors, after losing much of their wealth in the stock crash, viewed housing as safe. The housing bubble in turn fueled the recovery of the US economy from the stock crash recession of 2001.

Soaring home prices pushed construction and home sales to record levels. Even more important, the run-up in home prices created more than $8 trillion in housing bubble wealth. This wealth fueled a consumption boom, as homeowners withdrew equity from their homes almost as it was created. The savings rate plummeted to near zero in 2005 and '06. People used their homes as ATMs, borrowing to take trips, buy cars or just to meet expenses.

This pattern of growth could not be sustained. Record house prices were supported by a tidal wave of speculation, as millions of people suddenly became interested in investment properties. As prices soared, financing arrangements became ever more questionable. Down payments went out of style. Adjustable-rate mortgages and interest-only loans, even negative amortization loans (in which mortgage debt grows month by month), became common.

The worst of the speculative financing was in the subprime market, where moderate-income home buyers were persuaded to take out adjustable-rate mortgages, which generally feature very low "teaser rates," typically reset after three years, often to levels that are five or six percentage points higher. Millions of families who could afford the teaser rates cannot possibly afford the

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COMMENT

higher rates. This is leading to a huge wave of defaults and foreclosures—which is just beginning, as homeowners who took out mortgages in 2004 are now hitting their three-year mark.

The subprime scandal would not have happened if the mortgage market had not been transformed over the past quarter-century. Banks used to hold the mortgages they issued, which gave them a strong incentive to be careful (often too careful) not to issue a mortgage the borrower could not pay. In the current market, the mortgage issuer typically sells it off in the secondary market, where it becomes the basis for mortgage-backed securities that are then sold throughout the world. This is why the subprime crisis is leading to failures of banks and funds in France, Germany, Australia and elsewhere.

Mortgage credit has frozen up for all but the safest loans. This showed up starkly in a 12.2 percent drop in the July pending sales index, which measures the number of sales contracts signed each month. While this is an extraordinary decline, the reality is almost certainly much worse than the data show, since many of these contracts will fall through because buyers can't get mortgages.

The price data also scream trouble. Formerly supercharged markets like Las Vegas, Miami and San Diego are experiencing double-digit price declines, while the slightly less bubbly markets of New York, Boston and Washington are seeing declines in the single digits. With record numbers of unsold and vacant homes, it is difficult to see how prices will stop falling anytime soon.

The basic story is a downward spiral as the housing sector interacts with the rest of the economy: lower house prices, more foreclosures, fewer jobs in housing and less consumption, a weaker economy and less demand for housing. Throw into the mix declining state and local tax revenues due to the loss of construction fees and property taxes, and you have a further source of bad economic news.

There will be no quick fixes. As former Federal Reserve chairman Alan Greenspan discovered in 2002, it is not easy to boost the economy out of a recession caused by a burst financial bubble. Since housing wealth is far more evenly distributed among households than stock, it will be even harder to recover from the housing crash than the stock crash. But we can implement policies to get the economy on the right track.

First, it is important to protect the subprime home buyers who were tricked into taking out mortgages they could not afford. President Bush has proposed measures that would encourage lenders to renegotiate mortgage terms to allow people to stay in their homes and would provide additional support from the Federal Housing Authority. These are steps in the right direction, but they will not help the vast majority of the subprime homeowners at risk of losing their homes. The simplest and quickest way to help them is to adopt the "own to rent" policy, by which subprime homeowners facing foreclosure are allowed to remain in their homes indefinitely as renters paying the fair market rent. This assures them a roof over their head, with no new bureaucracy and no tax dollars (for more information see cepr.net).

Tax cuts directed at low- and moderate-income families are a good way to jump-start the economy, as would be government investment aimed at neglected infrastructure needs, such as rebuilding New Orleans and preventing the collapse of more bridges. Pushing down the value of the dollar should also be a top priority. There is no way to correct our trade imbalance with an overvalued dollar providing a massive subsidy for imports and imposing a tariff on US exports. A lower dollar will make US manufactured goods far more competitive in the world economy, and will thus create a large number of relatively high-paying jobs. One benefit of the housing meltdown is that it should be much easier to get our trading partners to go along with a lower dollar now that we can show them how much money they lost by investing in US financial assets that have gone bad.

Finally, we must get people on the Federal Reserve Board who take financial bubbles seriously. Greenspan recently asserted that "the human race has never found a way to confront bubbles." But it *is* possible for the Fed to do so, most obviously by repeatedly and publicly warning against stock, housing or other market bubbles as they arise. This would educate even the stupidest hedge fund managers, or at the very least make them fear personal liability for mismanaging billions of dollars. Clearly, Greenspan was not up to the job. We will need more qualified people running the Fed in the future.

DEAN BAKER

Dean Baker is co-director of the Center for Economic and Policy Research in Washington, DC.

CALVIN TRILLIN

THE DECIDER'S DECIDER

They're deifying General Petraeus.
He's now, as in *ex machina*, the *deus*—
The one who's always able to gainsay us
If we say staying there will never pay us.
This treatment is a sign that should dismay us:
It shows they're trying once again to play us.

Greece: the Fire this Time

The fires that ravaged the Peloponnese and other parts of Greece this summer were a long time in the making. Though it took minutes in some places for the flames to overwhelm villagers armed with brooms and rubber hoses—the fire swallowed sixty-six people and some 6,000 homes, 4 million olive trees and thousands of acres of forest—it's taken years of environmental destruction and political mismanagement to lay the tinder for them. It will take even longer for the blackened trees to grow, the olive groves to fruit as they once did, the villages to recover—if they ever do. For on the eve of one of the most critical elections in its recent history, Greece is facing its own moment of "disaster capitalism." The wires have been buzz-

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What 4-letter word* won't The New York Times allow its top columnist to call George Bush in print?

PAUL KRUGMAN

Thousands clamored to get in – but couldn't buy tickets at any price

Those lucky enough to snag seats (sold out weeks in advance) squeezed into a crowded Manhattan auditorium expecting to hear 4 icons of the left share astonishing revelations about Bush-Cheney criminal activities that were being unreported (or suppressed) by corporate media. *They weren't disappointed.*

Paul Krugman

PAUL KRUGMAN, prize-winning columnist for *The New York Times*, revealed what he *wanted* to write about George Bush – but couldn't – because the *Times* deemed it a "no-no."

Greg Palast

GREG PALAST, holder of the *George Orwell Courage in Journalism Award*, shared an exposé so hot that U.S. papers wouldn't print it (but it will air in the British press).

Amy Goodman

AMY GOODMAN, award-winning host of *Democracy Now!*, proves once again (if proof were needed), that she's no lady – *she's a reporter!*

Randi Rhodes

As for *Air America* commentator **RANDI RHODES,** onlookers swear that flames were shooting out of her microphone.

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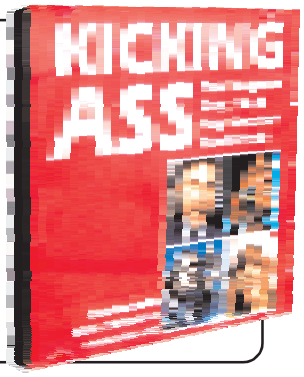

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COMMENT

ing with conspiracy theories, some started by the government, about who set the fires—terrorists, anarchists, Albanian immigrants, the main opposition party, global corporations. But what matters far more is who will benefit from the reconstruction: the local people and what's left of the environment or the development companies, which have their eye on the longest unspoiled stretch of coast in the Mediterranean, and the politicians they can slip so easily into their pockets.

The main cause of this summer's conflagrations was climatic: an unprecedented series of heat waves, with temperatures in the 100s day after scorching day, following an unusually dry winter. Even Greeks can't blame their government for global climate change; this summer, fires tore through Italy and the rest of the Balkans too. But as Dr. Michalis Petrakis, head of Greece's Institute of Environmental Research, points out, 95 percent of forest fires are caused by people, either deliberately or through carelessness—and here both major parties bear responsibility. The Pan-Hellenic Socialists (PaSoK) held power for the better part of twenty years; they lost the 2004 election to Kostas Karamanlis's conservative New Democracy largely because of the corruption that had spread to almost every corner of the government. For most of that time the environment was easy prey to graft. It was under PaSoK that the plague of illegal building beside every town and road was allowed to spread unchecked, so that the practice of burning forest land to turn it into lots became an epidemic; it was under PaSoK—especially in the run-up to the 2004 Olympics—that the construction companies became a force in politics as well as in the economy. It was PaSoK that first set out to weaken Article 24 of the Greek Constitution, which protects forests from development; it was PaSoK that frittered away (or "ate") vast sums provided by the European Union to fund a long-overdue land registry, which would determine land use and ownership. The project is still languishing; Greece was ignominiously made to return more than half the funds.

If possible, New Democracy has been even worse. Its failure to prepare for and respond to this summer's inferno has invited comparisons to Hurricane Katrina. This spring, having sacked the leadership of the fire department in favor of its own political appointees, the government hastily filled 4,000 empty jobs with temporary workers. On August 17, after a first wave of blazes and with flames licking at the Athens suburbs, Karamanlis called a September election, throwing the government into its usual pre-poll paralysis. A few days later fires broke out simultaneously in several parts of the country; the fire service was too beleaguered, underequipped and disorganized to cope. Makis Paraskevopoulos, mayor of Pyrgos, in the northwest Peloponnese, told me what happened there: "The fire front was coming for a day or more from the northeast, but unfortunately the danger was underestimated and the fire was not kept away from the villages. When it arrived on Saturday afternoon there was no fire engine.... Next day at dawn there were no air drops [of water], as we had been promised. If there had been, they could have saved at least half the land that was burned." Now, he says, "everything is ash. Nobody, young or old, can stay here. We need ideas for development, for jobs—but in the right way. The destruction brings many dangers."

Before the fires New Democracy's development plan involved the rapid capitalization of the country's natural resources, regardless of the environmental cost. In March the government launched a new assault on Article 24 that would remove up to 5 million acres of forest from its protection; in May it published a detailed proposal to make Greece a mecca for mass tourism, complete with condo complexes, retirement villages and golf courses. Foremost among the areas to be turned into a new Costa del Sol is the western Peloponnese, the region worst hit by the fires; access to its as-yet-unbuilt hotels and parking lots will be provided by the Ionian Road, a six-lane highway planned to run close to the coast, dividing villages and passing through environmentally protected areas like the Kaiaphas forest, now burned to a crisp.

PaSoK leader George Papandreou has responded to people's anger with a string of promises for sustainable development, an independent environment ministry, forest restoration and protection. All this is easier said than done: Trees neither vote nor grease politicians' palms. There are some in Papandreou's party who care for the environment, and for rural ecosystems evolved over generations. But the 2.8 billion euro contract for the Ionian Road was signed July 24 by a consortium of Greek and European companies, which will maintain and profit from the highway for the next thirty years. If they want golf courses in the western Peloponnese, then golf courses are what they're going to get.

MARIA MARGARONIS

Maria Margaronis writes from The Nation*'s London bureau.*

NATION NOTES

With this issue, John Palattella becomes our new literary editor. John, who is at home in both high and popular culture and brings to the magazine a keen understanding of politics, fiction, poetry, history, music and the visual arts, has been editor at large at *Columbia Journalism Review* since 2004. He began his career in magazine journalism as an assistant editor for special projects at *Lingua Franca*, the monthly magazine of intellectual life in the academy. John's essays and reviews have appeared in many publications, including *The Nation*, the *London Review of Books*, *Boston Review*, *Bookforum*, the *Los Angeles Times Book Review*, the *Washington Post* and *In These Times*. As *The Nation*'s poetry editor since December 2006, John has opened the magazine to an impressive range of poets, including a number of writers in translation. John will continue in that role until the end of the year. Welcome, John.

Adam Shatz, who has been literary editor since April 2003, is departing to become senior editor at the *London Review of Books*. Adam, who has written on politics and culture for a range of publications, has brought a remarkable number of talented writers to the magazine, broadening our coverage of the Middle East, world literature, poetry, fiction and music. We bid him a fond farewell and wish him all the best in his new home across the water.

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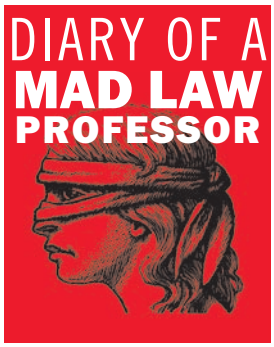
PATRICIA J. WILLIAMS

Playing With Numbers



The Bush Administration's manipulation by special interests is easiest to see in broadly accessible situations, like a decision to open federal lands to strip mining. It's harder to grasp when the interest is buried in a mountain of regression analyses, like global warming or the approval of drugs. So let me try to run through some basics. Let's say you have an exclusive political club of 100 members. Ninety are Whigs. Ten are Tories. Mary, a Whig, is married to Tom, a Tory. After a particularly personalized debate, Mary and Tom get divorced and drop out of the club. This means that 10 percent of the Tories have dropped out, but only about 1 percent of the Whigs. The next day, the *Fox Planet Post* publishes a breathless story that Tories are failing to thrive at the club in shockingly disproportionate numbers compared with Whigs and that therefore Whigs are clearly the more politically adept.

The problem with the *Planet*'s story is that it fails to account for the relationship between rates and real numbers, or percentages and proportions. Moreover, it inflates the significance of the disproportion by assigning a social meaning to the percentages belied by the situation on the ground. It's not mathematically wrong, in other words, but it's factually absurd. The *Planet* chooses to focus on a binarism of Whig and Tory that fails to tell the whole story, or perhaps the most important part of the story. What might the data look like if they examined a full spectrum of reasons for which club members might drop out: i.e., by married versus nonmarried status or by ability to pay alimony versus the hefty club dues?

I say all this to get to the following: The Administration's Civil Rights Commission—reconstituted with neocons like Abigail Thernstrom—just issued a major report endorsing a 2004 article by UCLA law professor Richard Sander, in which Sander asserts that affirmative action hurts capable but less qualified black students by setting them up for lifelong failure. He starts with a theory that affirmative action actually harms black students by putting them in situations where, supposedly, they can't keep up. It's called the "mismatch" hypothesis: To wit, if only these poor lost souls had gone to second-tier schools where they belong, they'd have more self-confidence to compete against comparable second-tier peers, and the world would be a better place. Based on this, the Civil Rights Commission recommends that California publish black bar-exam-passage rates; that the National Academy of Sciences start studying the disparity of black-white graduation rates and that Congress deny federal funding to any law school that does not specifically track the progress of black students.

Sander's arguments rely on mountains of data analysis, but it's available to anyone willing to wade through it on the commission's website. I don't have space to discuss it in depth, but let me recommend two of the most comprehensive rebuttals: "Does Affirmative Action Reduce the Number of Black Lawyers?" by Ian Ayres and Richard Brooks and "A Systematic Response to Systemic Disadvantage" by David Wilkins, both in Volume 57 of the *Stanford Law Review*. Meanwhile, in order to illustrate a very tiny but crucial part of this material, let me point to some of the numbers with which Sander is working. In one table illustrating "Black-White Academic Indices at Tier 1 Institutions, 1991 Matriculants" the number of black students in the sample is 147; the number of white students is 1,843, more than ten times more.

Again, let me tease this out: Let's assume there are ten schools in Tier One. Let's assume that the nearly 2,000 students in the sample are divided evenly among those ten—rounding it out so that there are 200 at each school; fifteen of whom are black, 185 of whom are white. If five students catch the plague, that's 2.5 percent of the student body. If we spin it as five white students, then that's still only 2.7 percent of the white student population. If, alternatively, we look at it as a black plague, then it's 33 percent or fully a third of the black students! Stunning! What's wrong with them? But there are choices in this analysis: We could see the plague as an affliction affecting an organic component of the entire student body—a statistic that reflects a vulnerability of the whole institution. Or we could segregate it in taxonomic ways that isolate or even blame those five—and race is certainly the easiest of taxonomies by which to accomplish this cynical end. (We could also just make sloppy categories, as Sander does—for example, he counts as white all those who do not indicate their race.)

What a very different picture might emerge if we looked at money rather than race. Wealth is the single most consistent predictor of academic success; indeed, disproportionate poverty is a key reason black students drop out of schools at any tier. Does this mean that the mismatch hypothesis really should be advising that "capable" poor students attend second-tier colleges because it harms them to have to compete against their wealthier, privately tutored "betters"? What if we broke it down by ethnicity, region and class rather than race and income? One wonders if the commission's stated antipathy to "diversity" as any part of admissions criteria would lead it to conclude that Tier One schools should be peopled exclusively by, say, multilingual upper-class women with perfect scores from an exclusive academy in a small corner of Beijing, while "capable" WASP men from Iowa should find satisfaction in the ever so serviceable second tier—lest they hurt themselves, poor overambitious little ducks.

The commission's message has fanned out: Peter Kirsanow's article in *National Review* is titled "Affirmative Damage: Students sacrificed in the name of 'diversity.'" Stuart Taylor bemoans the "tragedy" and the "curse" that "plague" young black lawyers who are so "embittered" that they leave big firms "at two or three times the rate of whites," and Gail Heriot worries that below-average minority students must struggle with "the loss of several years of their lives." Ambition kills, I guess. But here's the bright side, all you capable young black lawyers: By Bush's math the situation in Iraq is three times better than ever. ■

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ERIC ALTERMAN

The Presidential Pageant

For the people who cover them for a living, elections are not about issues or evidence or even truth; they are about *the narrative*. Campaigns struggle to define it long before voters are paying attention—because once the narrative is determined, it's virtually impervious to revision. This was the case with the "Gore's a liar; Bush is a dope" story line of the 2000 election. As Margaret Carlson—then of *Time*—explained to Don Imus, "You can actually disprove some of what Bush is saying if you really get into the weeds and get out your calculator, or look at his record in Texas…but it's really easy, and it's fun, to disprove Al Gore. As sport, and as our enterprise, Gore coming up with another whopper is greatly entertaining to us."

Each year's election narrative is determined by the bigfoot correspondents and the top tier of the punditocracy and then reinforced by everyone else. It works best with a conservative spin because of the recent right-wing takeover of so many of these perches, owing to the power of Drudge, talk-radio and cable TV. But it is determined in places like *Time*, *Newsweek*, the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*. To get an idea of how the process works, take a look at the coverage of John Edwards's campaign. In an alleged news story, "Edwards Talks Tough on Hedge Funds," *Times* reporter Leslie Wayne observed, "Mr. Edwards has made poverty his signature issue, a topic that stands in sharp contrast to his own $30 million net worth." Wayne and her editors apparently think there's a "sharp contrast" between a man being wealthy and his expressing concern for the poor. It's a constant theme of the Edwards coverage. The *Post*, for instance, devoted breathless front-page coverage to the sale of Edwards's house. Bill Hamilton, a *Post* editor, defended this decision to the paper's ombudsman by explaining that Edwards was a "presidential candidate [who] just happens to be a millionaire who is basing his campaign on a populist appeal to the common man."

The unmistakable implication is that poor people have no right to representation in our society. No one mocks Mitt Romney for promoting policies that protect his more than $250 million net worth. Ditto Rudy Giuliani, who pocketed more than $16 million last year alone. But as Fox's Neil Cavuto puts it, "The GOP guys are not pretending to be, you know, great poor advocates." Since actual poor people are de facto disqualified from running for President by Congress's refusal to institute the kind of publicly financed elections that are the rule in most democracies, the result is that we allow representation only of the rich, by the rich.

Then there are the haircuts. You won't be surprised to hear that the fact that John Edwards got a couple of expensive haircuts has generated, according to Lexis/Nexis, about a thousand "news" stories. I can't say I've read many of them, but I'd be amazed if any proved more ridiculous than the 1,220-word "investigation" by the *Post*'s John Solomon, who notes, "It is some kind of commentary on the state of American politics that as Edwards has campaigned for president, vice president and now president again, his hair seems to have attracted as much attention as, say, his position on health care." You think? In fact, his hair has gotten far more airtime than his healthcare plan, but what's odd is Solomon's (and his editors') inability to see that perhaps a 1,220-word investigation of a haircut might be part of the problem.

If the point of the stories about Edwards's wealth is to delegitimize his arguments on behalf of the poor, the haircut obsession is designed to feminize the candidate and thereby undermine his credentials as macho-man for President—which are, by the way, those deemed to be the most important by the media. Ann Coulter calls him a "faggot." Maureen Dowd, Chris Matthews and Joe Scarborough, among many others, use the term "Breck Girl." The wording is more polite, but the effect is the same.

Speaking of Dowd, to understand how this process works, it is crucial to recognize the influence her *Times* column wields in determining the substance and contours of the agreed-upon narrative. This is a shame because while Dowd is a wonderfully felicitous writer, she has little interest in ideas and none in policy. Her column frequently reads as if co-written by the Shannen Doherty character in *Heathers*. Regarding Gore, she complained in 1999 that he was "so feminized…he's practically lactating." She attacked him, baselessly, for having boasted that he was the father of the Internet. She also hyped a false and defamatory version of Gore's role in inspiring the novel *Love Story*. In both cases, Gore was telling the truth as Dowd and company accused him of lying. But because she was annoyed with the man she termed a "pious smarty-pants," she wrote, "The vice president's campaign woes could make a Nashville country song: 'You've been sighin' and you've been lyin'.'" As my Media Matters colleague Eric Boehlert notes, Dowd's smarmy and inaccurate attacks on Gore predated (and presumably inspired) the Republican National Committee's.

Most recently Dowd's peevishness has been directed toward Barack Obama. She finds the candidate "testy," "irritated," "hung-up," "conflicted" and "self-consciously pristine." Dowd took it personally when he gave a Labor Day speech in New Hampshire taking on business-as-usual Beltway politics. Dowd mocked Obama's "ranting about Washington pundits" by pointing out that he frequently graces the covers of magazines. This is quite a trick when you think about it. The media elite put Obama on magazine covers, and then the same media elite insist he is inauthentic for having appeared on magazine covers.

Dowd also accuses Obama of preening like a "46-year-old virgin," demonstrating "loose" body language and being "hung up on being seen as thoughtful," while secretly fearing "being seen as 'a dumb blond.'" Still, it's a kind of progress over her Gore coverage; at least she didn't accuse him of posing as the model for *Superfly*… ■

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ARTICLES

The Bluegrass Roots Target Mitch McConnell Over Iraq

BOB MOSER

Louisville

Carol Trainer could hardly process what was happening. To her, a 60-year-old grandmother and Vietnam veteran, of all people. On Memorial Day, of all times. Arrested for protesting the war at, of all places, Abbey Road on the River, an annual five-day Beatles tribute that had adopted a fortieth-anniversary Summer of Love theme for 2007.

Forty years ago, when the Louisville native married Air Force officer Harold Trainer, Carol wouldn't have gone near anything associated with the Summer of Love. "I wasn't an activist; just the opposite, in fact." But since 2002, when the Trainers—he retired from twenty-three years in the Force, she from eleven years as a Northwest Airlines flight attendant—found that they couldn't keep quiet about the catastrophe that was poised to unfold in Iraq, they've been unlikely stalwarts in one of the country's feistiest grassroots antiwar movements.

At Abbey Road, Carol had joined cohorts from the Louisville Peace Action Community (LPAC), passing out end-the-war pamphlets to incoming patrons—many of them young folks duded up for the occasion in flowers, beads and peace signs. Early that afternoon, she'd decided to join the fun inside, have a couple of beers and dance along to the music she'd missed in the '60s. After spotting a couple of youngsters holding up peace-symbol signs, she figured it would be OK to walk around with her bright blue END THE WAR! sign. The festival's producer gave her explicit permission to do so. After all, it was perfectly in tune with the spirit of a festival whose grand finale would be a musical production called "Hell No, We Won't Go."

Trainer didn't make it that far. As she was dancing and singing along to the strains of psychedelic nostalgia, holding her sign off to the side of the main festival stage, an oversized sheriff's deputy came stalking toward her. "He comes up to me and says, 'Drop your sign,'" Trainer recalls. "I said, 'Why?' He said, 'I told you to drop your sign.' He grabbed it out of my hand when I didn't drop it. That kind of started me. I thought, What's going on here? I kept asking why and he wouldn't tell me." The only explanation Trainer received, after her arrest, was that offended patrons had complained that she was harassing them and ruining their fun. She says that while dozens of people thanked her for the message, she had been confronted by four patrons, including one veteran "who said, 'This is Memorial Day—we're here to enjoy ourselves.' I said, 'When do the people in *Iraq* get to enjoy themselves?'" Crying and struggling with the deputy, she tried appealing to Mayor Jerry Abramson, who was watching the show nearby, but he "just stared and glared at me and didn't say a word." The deputy and a Metro Police officer dragged her off forcefully in handcuffs. "I did not go quietly," Trainer acknowledges, and she ended up charged not only with disorderly conduct at the festival but also with resisting arrest and assaulting an officer. (Two of the charges were ultimately dropped; on the advice of LPAC's attorney, she agreed to do forty hours of community service for the resisting-arrest charge without admitting guilt.)

"You don't think that this could happen in the United States, you know," says Trainer. "One thing that irritates me is when some military people come up and say, 'I'm over there so you can do this. So you have the right.' And I'll say, now, after this, 'No, I *don't* have the right.'"

While protesting the war has alienated the Trainers from many of their old military buddies—"They tend to think we've left the reservation," says Harold—they've become fast friends with "peace people" they once despised. "They've really accepted us very well as partners in the peace effort," Harold says, "even though we're military." While LPAC, a spinoff of Louisville's large and active Fellowship of Reconciliation, includes its fair

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THIS HOLIDAY SEASON

Katrina vanden Heuvel,
Editor & Publisher
of *The Nation*

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NOT OWNED BY
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share of hard-core pacifists, the group—like so many other peace efforts around the country—has flung its tent wide open. "When Harold and Carol joined us," says longtime activist Judy Munro-Leighton, "it elevated our credibility about 1 million percent. When people came up to us at the state fair, or wherever we were demonstrating, and said, 'Yeah, what the hell do you know about it? You've never fought in a war,' we could point to Carol and Harold and say, 'They have.'"

Carol Trainer's twelve hours in jail kicked off the most raucous summer yet for Kentucky's antiwar movement—a vibrant microcosm of the coalition of peace activists, military veterans and families, blue-collar hard hats and college professors, old and young and (mostly) middle-aged, who've been spurred to action by the disaster in Iraq.

LPAC has been a force since the buildup to the war, bringing out hundreds to loudly protest George W. Bush's six speeches in Louisville in the past six years, holding regular street-corner demonstrations, marking every Iraq anniversary and landmark death count with in-your-face panache. They've chartered a plane to fly over the Kentucky Derby flashing an END THE WAR banner. They've commemorated Iraq milestones with displays of empty shoes, empty shirts and—in 2007—4,000 white flags along the Ohio River. They've read the names of Iraqi and American dead from the county courthouse steps. And they've been particularly creative when it comes to getting under the skin of Kentucky's pro-war politicians.

'We're trying to cut through the…moral values crap that McConnell's been using for twenty-five years.' —high-tech hillbilly Jim Pence

When Louisville's Republican Congresswoman, stubborn Bush supporter Anne Northup, refused to meet with her antiwar constituents, LPAC posted "Missing" posters around the city with smiling images of Northup, labeling her a "lapdog" who "answers to Bush." They staked out her home for seventy-three straight Sundays with "a variety of signs you can't even imagine," says Munro-Leighton, until Northup finally agreed to a meeting. "We had a cardboard Bush with a bubble to show he was speaking, and we changed the message weekly to 'I Love Ann,' or 'My War's Going Great!' or 'I Sold the Country.' On the first anniversary of the war, we made her a cake out of black cardboard and put it on her car. 'Happy Anniversary!'"

Tarred by her unflagging support for Bush and the war, Northup lost her 2006 bid for a sixth term to Louisville's John Yarmuth, an unabashed liberal Democrat calling for withdrawal. With Northup dispatched, Kentucky's peace brigade laid plans to fry a far bigger fish in 2008: Senate minority leader Mitch McConnell, Bush's powerful Iraq War ally, who will be running for a record fifth Senate term.

As summer—and McConnell's recess vacation—approached, two new sets of nontraditional allies materialized to help LPAC bird-dog the senator, who makes his home in Louisville with his wife, Labor Secretary Elaine Chao. Matt Gunterman, a 30-year-old rural Kentucky native and Yale University graduate student, launched the DitchMitch blog earlier in the year, bringing together a varied band of bloggers from around the state on a composite site with a common goal. And in June, two young native Kentuckians and a Navy veteran opened an Iraq Summer headquarters in Louisville, part of a national campaign by Americans Against Escalation in Iraq (AAEI) to target key members of Congress with a homegrown antiwar message before they returned to Washington to resume the war debate.

By mid-August McConnell was sending out fundraising letters complaining about being harassed by "the '60s antiwar movement on steroids." But as the Republican kingmaker well knew, the reality was something altogether different from that old stereotype—and considerably more formidable.

Jim Pence is a 68-year-old, Salem-smoking, pickup-driving, self-proclaimed hillbilly from economically devastated Hardin County, retired after thirty-five years in the factory at the American Synthetic Rubber Corporation. Politically inactive until 2004, when Bush's re-election and the war in Iraq spurred him to "vow to fight with every ounce of my strength from then on," Pence now makes some of the freshest, funniest antiwar and political videos anywhere—and as a result, he's become the unlikely heart and soul of Kentucky's DitchMitch campaign.

Linking from his own Hillbilly Report website to DitchMitch and YouTube, Pence puts up snappy vignettes on subjects ranging from Kentucky's annual bipartisan political hoedown at Fancy Farm—where McConnell made a hasty exit this year after being jeered by protesters carrying signs showing him as Bush's hand puppet—to a fanciful take on Bush and Condoleezza Rice's relationship, set to the tune of Frank Sinatra's "The Way You Look Tonight," to a hard-hitting series of exposés of liquor-industry fundraising by Ron Lewis, the holy-rolling Congressman from Pence's district. "I don't know, I just disappear into them," Pence says on a dog-day August morning, navigating Louisville traffic en route to the Iraq Summer office. "I stay up some nights till 4 and 5, editing these things."

DitchMitch creator Gunterman, whose postgraduate goal is to fire up an Internet-based "Ruralution," connecting grassroots progressives from rural America to spur political action, sees Pence as a prime example of the passion and wit that generally go untapped by Democrats and urban progressives. "There's no one like Jim in the entire United States," says Gunterman. "Not with his age and his ornery attitude. He is very much a hillbilly, and he's reinvigorated the term."

In his three years of crisscrossing Kentucky to publicize its antiwar and progressive insurgencies, Pence has also stirred up the state's traditionally timid left-wingers. "When I first went out with my camcorder, I'd go up to people at peace rallies and ask them, 'Would you like to say something to Mitch?' and they'd just go, 'Uhhh…' Or even if they would say anything, they'd say, 'But I don't want my picture taken.' I just kept saying, 'The newspaper's not even going to cover this, and if TV does, it'll be for ten seconds. Whereas this video's going up on YouTube tomorrow.'" As Pence kept filming and posting his increasingly popular videos, the activists opened up and embraced this new mechanism for showing that, yes, the military stronghold of Kentucky has a

Bob Moser is a Nation *contributing writer. This is the second in a series on grassroots politics in the 2008 campaign in so-called red states.*

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vigorous antiwar effort. "People are stepping out more than they would a few years ago," Pence says. "Now I can't get them to stop talking when they see that camera. People know me now, and for the most part they trust me—whether or not they should!"

While Pence and DitchMitch have inspirited Kentucky activists, they've also pushed the state's more established media to take notice of the progressive groundswell. "DitchMitch gives us the power to hold the media accountable in Kentucky for the first time," says 24-year-old Shawn Dixon, a native of rural western Kentucky who's just started his first year at NYU law school. In 2004, when Dixon was working as deputy policy and communications director for Democrat Daniel Mongiardo's uphill Senate challenge to Republican Jim Bunning, he spent much of the campaign in a state of frustration over Kentucky newspapers' assumption that the incumbent would cruise to victory. "There was no recognition that this would be a competitive election and that this guy was beatable until about a month before the election, when it became impossible to ignore." Bunning wobbled back to Washington with a slender 23,000-vote victory, but this time around, with LPAC continually raising eyebrows and DitchMitch helping to popularize the anti-McConnell movement, "the media don't have a choice," Dixon says. On the same day in late July that Louisville's *Courier-Journal* ran a column about McConnell's dip in popularity (below 50 percent approval), the *Herald-Leader* in Lexington ran a story, sixteen months before the election, titled "McConnell Vulnerable."

That's music to Pence's ears. "It's not just what he's done to perpetuate this war," says the high-tech hillbilly. "It's what he hasn't done for Kentuckians, with all his power, on healthcare and so many other issues that really matter to folks at their kitchen tables. We're trying to cut through the kind of moral-values crap that McConnell's been using for twenty-five years to get himself elected. We're doing what we can to show the emperors without their clothes. And show that the folks who don't like Mitch, and can't stand this war, are just regular people like me who finally woke up and spoke up."

The Friday before the "Take a Stand" town-hall meeting that would culminate Louisville's Iraq Summer, Desert Storm veteran Brian Smith spent the first day of his most unusual summer vacation yet, volunteering round-the-clock for the antiwar effort. Smith has been working with Iraq Summer since June, when its three paid staffers hit the ground in Louisville. "I've been in charge of making coffee, making smart-ass remarks and doing guerrilla ops," Smith says. The previous night, that meant joining Louisville natives and Iraq Summer organizers Aniello Alioto and Sara Choate in planting fifty bright red SUPPORT THE TROOPS/END THE WAR signs outside a fundraiser where McConnell was speaking on behalf of scandal-plagued Republican Governor Ernie Fletcher.

"We want to be where he is," Smith says. For two long, hot, parched months, that's where Iraq Summer, combining forces with LPAC and other peace groups around the state, has been. They've bird-dogged McConnell's fundraisers. They've organized a stream of rallies and vigils outside McConnell's home. And they've drawn in a new batch of blue-collar and military folks like Smith, who still pinches himself when he looks in the mirror and sees an antiwar protester looking back.

"Initially I supported the war," he says, "more because I felt it was a duty to support the troops because I knew what they were going to be going through. When I saw antiwar protesters here at first, they gave me a little bit of a rise, because I felt that they didn't really understand the issues and would be proven wrong." He laughs. "Now I'm spending all my spare time working with them." Abu Ghraib was a breaking point for Smith. "My only defense of the war to that point had been, 'Well, at least we're the good guys.' After that, I had nothing left. But what really activated me was the surge. I thought after the 2006 elections things would change, but they just steamrollered right over us. So I went from there to the peace rally in Washington in January." A group he met there, Veterans for Peace, later connected him with Iraq Summer. "I would never have believed, a year ago, that I'd be doing anything like this," Smith says.

Lieut. Col. Andrew Horne, an Iraq War vet, leads a refrain at an antiwar rally: 'Hey Mitch, can you hear us? We are the people!'

Nor, for different reasons, did Alioto, who'd been teaching diplomacy and national security classes to youth leaders in Washington, DC, when AAEI's national field director, Kate Snyder, called to ask if he'd return to Kentucky to dog McConnell. "I said no. I didn't want to go work for some peacenik, 'Let's end the war and sing songs' kind of campaign. But she said, 'This is a pro-military, pro-veteran campaign. It's not antiwar; it's anti–reckless war.' Then my ears pricked up."

Alioto found even more grassroots anger back home than he'd imagined. When Iraq Summer canvassed McConnell's neighborhood, "87 percent of the people who answered their doors took an END THE WAR yard sign. I like numbers," he says, chuckling. But Alioto has also found that "there's still a lot of organizations, and a lot of individuals, that are scared to get involved. We get a lot of backdoor help. The hardest part is letting people know that we're not the traditional antiwar movement."

The nontraditional nature of the movement is on vivid display August 28 at the Take a Stand rally. A crowd of nearly 800 packs a Bellarmine University auditorium to hear not only from the expected cast of politicians, including Congressman Yarmuth, but also grassroots warriors like Smith, who leads the Pledge of Allegiance wearing several days' worth of stubble along with his old Army infantry jacket. There's 85-year-old Jean Edwards, a legendary local peace-and-justice activist, and her 15-year-old granddaughter, who asks the question, What would Gandhi do? There's a liberal white Presbyterian minister who went to Mississippi in 1964, during Freedom Summer, followed by an African-American minister who surveys the room and declares, "We are the people that can end this war. It has always been and will always be us—the good people, the common people, the regular people. It will always be incumbent upon us, when we have had enough." There's Bill Londrigan, the state's AFL-CIO chief, echoing that theme: "This is a war of elites fought by the working people of this Commonwealth and this country." And there's Lieut. Col. Andrew Horne, who's pondering an antiwar challenge to McConnell in '08, pacing the stage talking about why he chose to lead his National Guard unit into Iraq—and why he subse-

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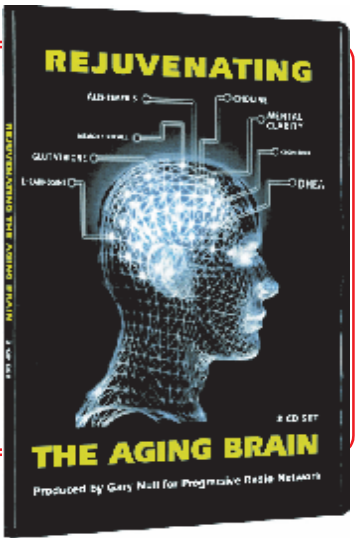

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quently turned into a national VoteVets spokesman against the war. Horne leads a refrain that will be echoed during the evening's culminating event, a candlelight march to the senator's home: "Hey Mitch, can you hear us? We are the people!"

The marchers are mostly solemn and orderly, sticking to the sidewalks under pink-streaked evening skies as they wind up busy Bardstown Road to the accompaniment of honking horns, then down through McConnell's leafy old neighborhood. Informed that "We're going to McConnell's," one neighbor, standing on his lawn to view the procession, urges the folks: "Blow him up!" A few doors down, a white-haired senior citizen in a blue scooped-neck T-shirt hangs over his side porch bellowing a different opinion: "Damned idiots—you're helping kill 'em!" His plump face is scarlet with fury.

On the sidewalk in front of McConnell's nondescript two-story brick condo waits a thin line of counterprotesters, most of them portly, scruffy, tattooed bikers who've parked their hogs in formation across the way. Some hold signs reading PEACE THROUGH STRENGTH and STAND STRONG MITCH, while others aim cameras at the protesters in a vain attempt at intimidation. It's impossible not to notice the irony: how much more "mainstream" the war protesters, a mostly middle-class khakis-and-polo-shirt crowd, look than the ragtag defenders of Corporate America's favorite member of Congress. Across the street, the only sign of possible life in the condo is a yellow light glowing through the upstairs windowshades. (McConnell's spokesperson will later say that the senator was in Lexington that night, helming another fundraiser for Fletcher.) When McConnell's defenders finally rumble off, Smith shakes his unruly head of black curls and grins. "They got no staying power," he snorts. "All huff, no tough."

To say the least, it has not been an exemplary summer break for Mitch McConnell. The Larry Craig scandal was one thing. He's also taking flak from conservative Kentuckians for supporting Bush-style immigration reform. More disturbing has been the floundering campaign of Governor Fletcher, a former right-wing Congressman handpicked by McConnell to run for governor in 2003. Plagued by a criminal investigation into preferential hiring for state offices, Fletcher has been spectacularly unpopular throughout most of his term and now trails Democrat Steve Beshear—a leader of his party's newly ascendant, moderately progressive wing—by about twenty points in the polls. Populist Republican Larry Forgy, who narrowly lost the gubernatorial election in 1995, is making noise about challenging McConnell in next year's primary, exposing the widening chinks in the senator's Kentucky machine.

Worst of all, though, is this nagging band of peace protesters. Will they be a temporary phenomenon, drifting apart after the war finally sputters to a halt? Or could this strange confluence of urban liberals, independent-minded hillbillies and populist bloggers turn into the Republicans' worst nightmare: a left-leaning version of the silent majority that's propelled the likes of McConnell into office for the past few decades? Clearly feeling the pressure, McConnell has tried to dip a toe in the new reality while clinging to the tried-and-true. While he wildly claimed on CNN in July that Kentuckians "overwhelmingly" support his backing of Bush and the war, the senator has nuanced his rhetoric, making vague promises of "changes" in September after the much-ballyhooed Petraeus Report. Despite that halfhearted concession, he hasn't been allowed a moment's peace.

And sure enough, even on the blazing hot morning after Take a Stand (which also attracted hundreds to Lexington and Newport rallies), some sixty protesters and fans carrying I ❤ MITCH signs are waiting for McConnell's gunmetal SUV to pull up at Boone Tavern, a colonial inn that graces the tiny eastern Kentucky college town of Berea.

"I think the war is wrong," says Lisa Myers of Lexington. "We're spending all this money that we could be using for healthcare, for education—for positive things. This war is costing us $9 billion a month, and we have poor people, lots of them."

Meanwhile, Jim Pence is busy coaxing local protesters to speak their minds into his camera. "I'm Laura Mangus, from Berea, Kentucky," says a somber-faced woman holding a long rectangular sign reading, HOW MUCH MORE MISERY AND DEATH PER GALLON? "I'm here today on behalf of my son, who came back from Iraq very, very wounded. When you have a son that calls you at 2:30 in the morning wanting to blow his brains out because of what he saw and experienced in Iraq, you darn well better know I'm going to be here to let my senator know what I think about this."

"I had twenty-eight years of military service," an elderly fellow in a lawn chair, antiwar sign propped up in his lap, tells the Hillbilly. "I think this war is absolutely stupid." "Hi there," says a wise old face, peering into Pence's camera. "My name is Sister Nan and I oppose war in general, and this war in particular."

Around noon, the protesters cluster around the front of Boone Tavern, chanting, "Enjoy Your Lunch, End the War!" in the direction of the room where McConnell is holding forth. With an air of determined calm, McConnell's senior Kentucky staffer, Larry Cox, materializes. "Mitch knows your position," he says. "There's no way he can ignore the sentiment here. Things are changing now. There is very likely to be a change in direction." Why won't McConnell come out? various voices grumble. "Would the senator come out to address just one question?" "No," says Cox. "Would the senator come out if we promise not to ask any questions?" another protester suggests. "No."

After Cox escapes back into the fundraiser, accompanied by a stirring chant of "End the War!" the protesters trickle around to the back entrance, where McConnell's SUV sits idling. Martha Wilkie of Lexington, holding a sign with THOU SHALL NOT KILL on one side and BLESSED BE THE PEACEMAKERS on the other, waits by the door alongside a gaggle of McConnell's admirers. She carries the scriptural sign, she says, because "people who support the war are all so into the Bible. But they disregard what's actually *in* the Bible." And speaking of disregarding, she says, "What in the world is McConnell scared of? Why won't he just come out and talk to people?"

The question lingers in the still, hot air for another half-hour. And then, in a flash, McConnell's ride goes ripping down the driveway and swerves around to a side door. Head down, the most powerful man in Kentucky skitters down a flight of steps and ducks inside the vehicle while his constituents come rushing around the corner, watching the back of their senator's SUV as it speeds him away, snug in the air-conditioned comfort of his increasingly fragile cocoon. ■

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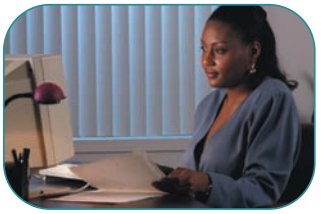

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A NEW WAVE OF JEWISH ACTIVISM TAKES ON SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC INJUSTICE.

Progressive Jews Organize

PETER DREIER AND DANIEL MAY

CAITLIN DOVER

At a meeting in February at Shir Hadash, a Reform synagogue in Los Gatos, California, Larry Mitchell rose to address the overflowing sanctuary. "In 2001, my son was diagnosed with Crohn's disease," said the 55-year-old Mitchell, a synagogue member for more than twenty-five years. The room fell silent. "Our insurance went from $700 a month, to $800 a month, to $900 a month. By 2005, our insurance premiums were $1,700 a month." As he concluded and returned to his seat, the audience erupted and rose for a four-minute standing ovation. The crowd was clearly not used to hearing a member of their congregation speak so openly about such matters, generally considered private.

Marialena Valverde, a middle-age Mexican-American woman, followed Mitchell to the podium. Speaking Spanish to the largely Anglo audience, she explained that after going without insurance for most of her seventeen years cleaning chemical labs, she was finally able to get on her husband's plan two years ago. But when her premiums increased by $85 a month, she could no longer afford the policy. "We don't mind paying something in order to have health coverage, but the costs are so high there is no way we can cover our family." As she finished, the crowd rose once again in sustained applause. Onstage, several State Assembly members and county supervisors listened politely. When congregation members asked if they would support a universal healthcare bill in California, each politician readily agreed.

Two months earlier, Mitchell and Valverde had been strangers. Mitchell is from the affluent neighborhood of South Palo Alto and owns his own business. Valverde lives in San Jose and works as a janitor. Yet through the involvement of synagogues and churches in interfaith community organizing efforts, Jews like Larry Mitchell are learning what they have in common with people like Marialena Valverde.

The assembly at Shir Hadash was organized by Peninsula Interfaith Action (based in San Carlos) and People Acting in Community Together (based in San Jose), both part of the Pacific Institute for Community Organizing (PICO), a national network. The two organizations have brought fifty religious congregations together to organize for social justice. Around the country, there are now about 200 local community organizing groups that build political power by mobilizing members of churches and synagogues. These organizations are affiliated with four major community organizing networks—the Industrial Areas Foundation (IAF), the Gamaliel Foundation, the Direct Action and Research and Training Center (DART) and PICO.

From the early labor and settlement house movement, to the civil rights and antiwar struggles, to environmental and feminist organizing, Jews have been disproportionately involved in progressive causes. Saul Alinsky, the father of community organizing, was Jewish, but he worked primarily with Catholic and Protestant congregations, starting in Chicago in the 1930s. That legacy has persisted. The last several decades have witnessed an upsurge of congregation-based organizing on issues like housing, healthcare, education and city services. But synagogues were only marginally involved in these crusades. A rabbi would show up at a press conference to express support or a temple's social action committee would write a letter or a check to support the organizing.

Synagogues often have many progressive members, but their social action activities are typically limited to the safer realm of charity projects like tutoring at schools or donating food to a homeless shelter. Ernesto Cortes, the IAF's Southwest director, remembers when left-leaning Jews in Texas would tell him, "You'll never get the synagogues involved in organizing."

But this picture is beginning to change. A growing number of rabbis and their congregants are no longer satisfied with the charity approach. A new wave of Jewish activists, from synagogues and other groups, seeks to challenge (and learn from) the rise of the religious right. They want to renew the Jewish ethic of *tikkun olam*—healing the world from social and economic injustice. Until the late 1990s, few Jewish congregations were involved in the burgeoning multi-issue grassroots organizing coalitions. By 2000 twenty synagogues had joined one of these local interfaith activist groups. Today nearly 100 synagogues are involved, and the number is growing steadily.

The foundation Jewish Funds for Justice (JFSJ) has helped catalyze this movement. In February more than 300 leaders from sixty-three synagogues came together at a JFSJ-sponsored conference outside San Jose to discuss their involvement in community organizing. They attended workshops on identifying new leaders, sharing personal concerns so they can be transformed into public issues and mapping out local political and corporate power structures.

Simon Greer, 39, a former union and community organizer who now directs the JFSJ, explains, "Jews have always supported social justice issues, but they often see those issues as affecting other people." "People may say, 'I don't know where to find affordable care for my aging mother' or 'I can't find good public schools and we're priced out of the private schools,'" observes Greer. "But they usually see those as personal problems, not political issues. Community organizing helps people see that those are political issues, too."

Peter Dreier, professor of politics at Occidental College in Los Angeles, is co-author of The Next Los Angeles: The Struggle for a Livable City. *Daniel May has been an organizer with ACORN, the IAF and the SEIU.*

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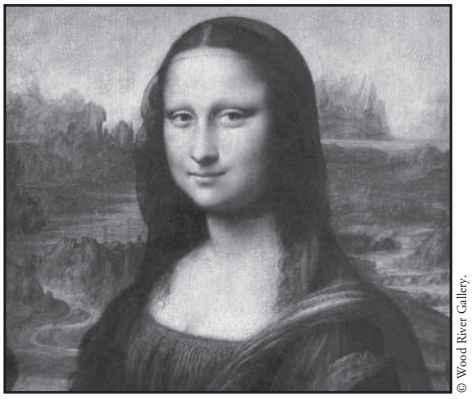

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Fran Godine, a leader at Boston's Temple Israel, one of the first synagogues to invest heavily in organizing as a member of the IAF-affiliated Greater Boston Interfaith Organization (GBIO), recalls the initial stage of the organizing process, which typically begins with one-on-one meetings and small living room gatherings. "We quickly discovered that there were people in our congregation who were really struggling," she says. "People were worried that their children could never afford a home in the area, worried about what was happening to their elderly parents. The idea that we were all comfortable turned out to be a myth."

Jonah Pesner, then the associate rabbi at Temple Israel, describes how the concerns within the congregation connected to working-class churches in GBIO. "It was astounding how many temple members agonized over the poor conditions of the nursing homes to which they had entrusted their parents," he recalls. "As we were having these conversations, nine Haitian churches within GBIO were organizing around the incredible suffering inside the nursing homes—but as workers. They were overworked, mistreated and disrespected. And that got passed on to patients."

'Tikkun olam—repairing the world—requires believing that we can create deep and lasting justice.' —Renee Wizig-Barrios

These congregations—representing employees and patients—began a series of joint conversations. "GBIO provided a context for folks to know each other's stories across racial, religious and class boundaries," explained Pesner, recently appointed by the Reform Jewish movement as founding director of Just Congregations, which was created to bring synagogues into community organizing networks. "We discovered the shared suffering of people caring for their parents, of the neglected elderly and of low-wage immigrant workers." The congregations drafted a bill of rights for nursing home residents and workers. They met with nursing home directors and challenged them to sign it. Faced with this community pressure, many did.

The campaign culminated in a large assembly in December 2004 at Temple Salem, a Haitian congregation that met in a formerly Orthodox synagogue in Dorchester, once a Jewish neighborhood. At the meeting—which opened with prayers and songs in Creole, Hebrew and Spanish—GBIO persuaded state Attorney General Tom Reilly to tell nursing homes that he would enforce workers' rights in the nursing care industry, a move that improved working conditions and laid the groundwork for a successful SEIU union organizing campaign.

Jews also played a key role in GBIO's successful campaign to get Massachusetts to adopt a universal healthcare plan. According to John McDonough, executive director of Health Care For All, "Temple Israel's willingness to put its faith commitment on the line to promote quality healthcare for everyone was exemplary and critically important."

In Columbus, Ohio, Temple Beth Shalom joined with BREAD, an affiliate of the DART network. BREAD identified the shortage of bus routes from low-income neighborhoods to the outer suburbs—where the area's jobs are increasingly located—as a critical problem facing the poor as well as employers (including some synagogue members). Through meetings with public officials, research reports and media attention, BREAD got the transit agency to build several new hubs to speed commuting times and brought daycare and health services to the areas surrounding the new transportation centers.

"In a synagogue of 400 families, we have hundreds of people attending community meetings," says Rabbi Howard Apothaker of Temple Beth Shalom. "And we are building real relationships with people who don't look like us."

Rabbi John Linder, of B'Nai Jehoshua Beth Elohim, a Reform temple outside Chicago, views the organizing work as fundamentally different from traditional charity. "This work is not about one person helping someone else who has less," explains Linder, who before attending rabbinical school had been an organizer for Massachusetts Fair Share and the Service Employees International Union. "It's a shift from a patronizing 'Look what I can do for you' way of operating to a 'What can we do together?' way of acting."

In 2006 The Metropolitan Organization (TMO), the IAF affiliate in Houston that includes Congregation Beth Israel, made national news organizing survivors of Hurricane Katrina who had been displaced to that city. TMO's victories immediately following the storm included getting a playground built outside the Astrodome, creating a space for the elderly and mentally unstable to be cared for in the stadium and winning the extension of cellphone contracts of those displaced by the storm.

"*Tikkun olam*—repairing the world—requires believing that we can create deep and lasting justice," says Renee Wizig-Barrios, TMO's lead organizer. "This is a faith often difficult to summon. In the moments when I doubt my capacity and act anyway, I live out my Judaism."

Synagogues that engage in organizing discover that members develop stronger ties within the institution. "Part of the excitement of organizing is finding kindred spirits in the congregation," explained Glenn Rothner, a union lawyer and former board member at Pasadena Jewish Temple and Center, a Conservative synagogue near Los Angeles. "The process of consciously engaging members of the congregation about social justice helps forge a stronger sense of community within the temple."

Parallel to the mushrooming of synagogues involved in interfaith organizing is a growing number of Jewish social justice groups involved in labor, housing, environmental and other issues. The groups' members include rabbis and synagogue members but also Jews not affiliated with congregations.

The first of these groups, Chicago's Jewish Council on Urban Affairs, was started in the mid-1960s by Jewish community organizers and progressive rabbis. JCUA's first campaign fought against bank redlining and abusive lending practices in black neighborhoods that had previously been Jewish. It was a controversial beginning. Some of the lenders that benefited most from the practices were prominent Jews who successfully lobbied the Jewish Federation (the umbrella funding agency) to pull support for the JCUA, but the activists eventually prevailed. JCUA has persisted for more than thirty years, waging successful efforts to build and renovate affordable housing, start a worker center for day laborers and address police brutality.

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Daniel Sokatch, director of the seven-year-old Progressive Jewish Alliance (PJA), which has chapters in Los Angeles and San Francisco, describes his organization's mission as being "the progressive voice in the Jewish community and the Jewish voice in the progressive movement." PJA's first campaign involved working through the Jewish Commission Against Sweatshops to mobilize liberal Jews in Los Angeles to increase government enforcement of wage and safety laws, enact a local antisweatshop ordinance and confront Jews who ran some of the nation's largest clothing companies. PJA published a guide to sweatshop activism, "No Shvitz," that included a history of Jewish involvement in labor causes since the Triangle Fire tragedy of 1911.

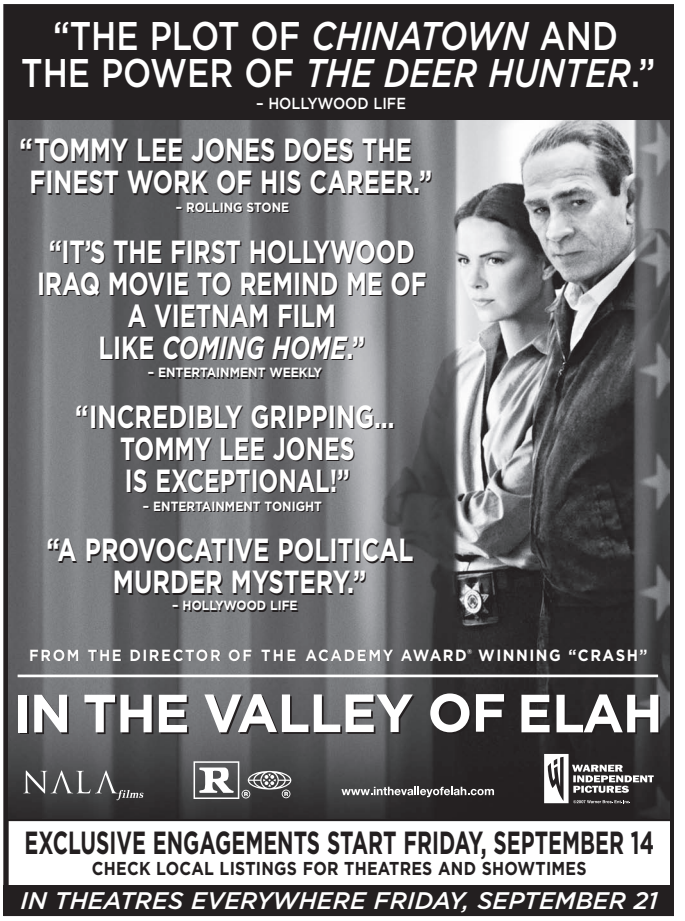
PJA also mobilized Jewish support for the hotel workers union's organizing campaign. More than 100 rabbis signed letters encouraging Jewish groups not to host conferences at hotels that were resisting unionization. The rabbis at one synagogue told their congregation they would not officiate at any events held at boycotted hotels. Similar groups, all started in the past decade, now exist in Washington, Boston, New York, the Twin Cities and Philadelphia.

This activism exposes tensions that rarely surface when Jewish social action focuses on charity. For example, when PJA first confronted the sweatshop issue, a number of Jewish garment manufacturers threatened to withdraw as benefactors of temples and Jewish organizations if rabbis lent their names to the activist campaign. More recently, PJA drew fire from some Jewish community leaders for launching an ambitious Muslim-Jewish community-building project with the Muslim Public Affairs Council.

Sometimes people in the same synagogue find themselves on opposite sides of an issue campaign. When Omaha Together One Community (OTOC), an IAF affiliate, threw its weight behind an organizing drive in the city's large meatpacking industry, Temple Israel's Rabbi Aryeh Azriel was approached by the owner of a major plant, a longtime congregant, who threatened to resign from the congregation if the synagogue did not pull out of OTOC. The board of the temple, which is the only Jewish institution among OTOC's thirty-four congregations, stood by the organizing effort. The plant owner remained a temple member. But the tensions have not evaporated.

"There are people who are nervous about how our involvement in OTOC is going to affect our fundraising around our new building," says Rabbi Azriel. "And I'm pleased that the leadership and board of the temple continues to support our membership in OTOC. We take ethics seriously, and the values of our tradition are not up for sale."

Organizing that brings together Catholics, evangelicals and Jews across lines of race and class can also surface political and cultural conflicts. Temple Israel's involvement with legalizing gay marriage in Massachusetts put it on the opposite side of the issue from several other congregations within GBIO. Temple Israel convened several conversations between Jewish gay and lesbian congregants and evangelical pastors and their congregants. "We didn't change their minds, but they did agree to stop gay-bashing in the press, which was a very powerful concession," explained Temple Israel's Fran Godine. "Still, it was hard going to the Statehouse and seeing people we worked with on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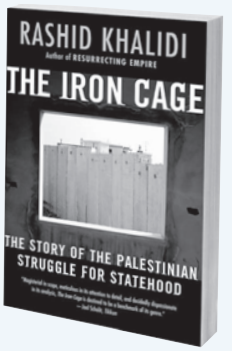

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healthcare protesting our actions on behalf of our gay and lesbian congregants."

On at least one divisive issue, however—the Middle East—these Jewish activist groups have stayed on the sidelines. "The Jewish community can be passionate about Israel, but that isn't what our organization does," explains JFSJ's Greer. "We do domestic social justice."

The mainstream Jewish organizations—which include dozens of national groups—are dominated by uncritical support for Israel and the fight against anti-Semitism around the world. Many observers inside and outside the Jewish community believe that these groups, such as the Anti-Defamation League and the American Israel Public Affairs Committee, don't reflect grassroots Jewish opinion. But the Jewish establishment's focus on these issues can put them at odds with progressive Jewish activists in terms of defining priorities. "Some people fear that we're going to squander Jewish political capital on things that don't really matter," says Greer. "But this is still a small movement, so we're not much of a threat to the established organizations. We'll see what happens when we get larger."

One factor likely to accelerate the movement's growth is the agreement by four rabbinical schools—from the Reform, Conservative, Orthodox and Reconstructionist wings of Jewish religious life—to give students credit for taking a course on community organizing co-sponsored with JFSJ. Nearly fifty students have already completed the semester-long course. Some are now taking jobs with congregations, where they intend to implement their organizing ideas.

Esther Lederman is a fifth-year rabbinical student who recently completed an organizing course at Hebrew Union College, the Reform seminary in New York. "I came to HUC inspired to work on social action. And every week I worked to get volunteers for our soup kitchen," she recalls. "Were we helping to reduce the number of poor in our city? Were we helping others get back on their own two feet? The answer was no. I felt frustrated and powerless."

Lederman is now interning with the IAF to learn how to address root causes, not just symptoms. "Because of organizing, I'm going to be a better rabbi, who will cultivate more leaders in our community," she says. "Imagine what it will look like when a new generation of rabbis is ready to challenge our congregations to act effectively for justice."

Rabbi David Saperstein, who has led the Reform movement's social action center for thirty years, is fond of showing visitors the desk in his Washington office—the one on which President Lyndon Johnson signed the Voting Rights Act. Like the civil rights movement, Saperstein argues, social justice work isn't mainly about policy maneuvering in Washington but grassroots organizing that links local activism and national politics.

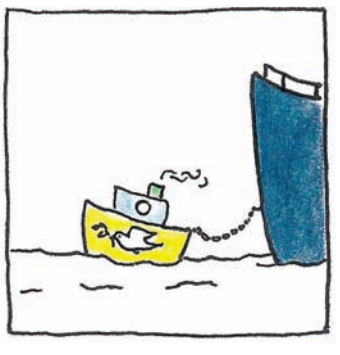
"Change in this country is going to happen from the bottom up," says Saperstein. "And if Jews are going to be part of that change, we need to partner with those who have been organizing at the grassroots. Like Moses learned from Jethro, we need to learn from our non-Jewish brothers and sisters who have been at this for decades. Only together can we fulfill the promise of this nation." ■

FEW JEWISH LEADERS HAVE HEEDED THEIR CONSTITUENTS AND CALLED TO END THE WAR.

Why the Silence?

RABBI ARTHUR WASKOW

It is August, just a few weeks before the awesome Holy Days, and I am checking my e-mail. I am also, as those days approach, counting up the time since March 2003, when The Shalom Center placed a full-page ad in the *New York Times*, signed by hundreds of Jews, warning that the impending invasion of Iraq would be a disaster. I am counting up, as we are taught to do, not only days and years but what we have accomplished and what we have failed to accomplish in those days and years.



CAITLIN DOVER

The Iraq War is four and a half years old. More than 3,700 American soldiers are dead. Many thousands more have lost legs, arms, eyes or genitals, have suffered severe brain damage and are experiencing post-traumatic stress at rates far higher than during the Vietnam War. Between 200,000 and 600,000 Iraqis have died, 2.5 million have fled their country and another 2 million, their homes. Two-thirds of the American public and at least that fraction of American Jews believe the invasion and occupation was a terrible error.

And in my e-mail I receive, from the editor of a Jewish online magazine, her response to my submission of an article she had commissioned me to write. She had asked me to address what the High Holy Days might say about America's predilection for violence, at home and overseas. But now she demands that I revise my article: "I can't have an article taking sides in the Iraqi conflict." (I refused to revise it.)

Is she, or her magazine, anomalous? Far from it. In May the Rabbinical Assembly (Conservative rabbis) failed to reach agreement on a motion calling for a "timely draw-down" of American troops from Iraq, describing the military effort in Iraq as a failure and reaffirming their support for the troops.

Other rabbis moved earlier—if "earlier" is an accurate word.

Rabbi Arthur Waskow, director of The Shalom Center (www.shalomctr.org), is the author of many books on Jewish thought and practice and the co-author of The Tent of Abraham: Stories of Hope and Peace for Jews, Christians, and Muslims *(Beacon).*

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This February, four years into the war, Ohalah (the Jewish-renewal rabbinical association) called for an end to the war. The Reconstructionist Rabbinical Association followed shortly, as did the Pacific Association of Reform Rabbis.

In late summer 2005, at its biennial national convention, the most nearly democratic governing body of Reform Judaism had adopted a scathing critique of the war—after members demanded action by the leadership. But the language of the officially approved resolution was vague about what should be done. After the grassroots simmering came to a boil again this spring, the Union for Reform Judaism (URJ) finally adopted a resolution calling for Congress to set a timetable for an end to the war. In April the Reform movement's Religious Action Center (RAC) invited me to speak at its Consultation on Conscience on what the movement could and should do about the war. I urged that it mobilize grassroots support for Senator Russ Feingold's effort to cut off funds for the war. Months later, in July, the RAC sent out an alert to local activists urging support for the Feingold approach.

Why have almost all rabbis failed to lead the American Jewish community on the life-and-death moral issue of the war?

Meanwhile, a broad spectrum of mainstream American religious groups—among them the National Council of Churches and the Islamic Society of North America—declared a one-day fast on October 8 to call for bringing troops home and for the government to support an international, nongovernmental effort to help Iraqis rebuild their country. A number of rabbis—but no Jewish organizations except The Shalom Center, ALEPH: Alliance for Jewish Renewal and an ad hoc "Jews Against the War"—joined in calling for a fast. Despite their antiwar resolutions, the URJ and the Reconstructionist rabbis refused.

Two thousand years ago, in Pirkei Avot, the rabbis defined themselves as heirs of the prophets, whose task was to condemn the power grabs of kings and to demand peace and justice, even at the risk of their lives and freedom. Why, then, have almost all rabbis failed on this life-and-death moral issue to lead the American Jewish community—when even elected politicians were way ahead in defining the moral and practical failure of the war? And why have almost all other large Jewish organizations failed to speak out against the war?

Let us leave aside the Jewish groups—like the American Jewish Committee and Congress, the Orthodox community, the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations—that would not be expected to join the antiwar cause. What about the "natural loci" of opposition?

There are four reasons for their silence:

First, synagogues are where people hope others will celebrate their children and mourn their deaths. Even when just a small minority of members still support the war, the majority may hesitate to anger these folks, and the rabbis acquiesce lest their boards harass or fire them.

Second, even when huge proportions of the Israeli security elite had abandoned their early support for the war, Prime Minister Olmert publicly criticized the Reform movement for calling for a timetable to end it. (Olmert was being shoved hard by a Bush Administration whose support he desperately needed, since his approval rating among his own citizens was down to 3 percent.) A generation ago, when the Israeli government acted the same way under pressure from Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon, most American Jewish "leaders" shut up. Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel became a hero to many Jews precisely because he refused to shut up. But while many official Jewish organizations admire the photo of Heschel marching alongside Martin Luther King Jr., they have refused to follow his example. Even the Reform movement, with its strong constituent base, shuddered when the baseless Olmert screeched.

What about organizations (like Jewish Funds for Justice) that have sprouted up in the past two decades to work for social justice, as once-liberal mainstream groups like the American Jewish Congress have moved far right and most Jewish Community Relations Councils have been swallowed up by more conservative federations? Almost all of them, fearing that furious internal disagreement about Israel would disrupt their work at home, have treated anything beyond US borders as a danger zone. The Jewish Council on Public Affairs, which does address US policy toward Israel, did not even have an Iraq resolution on the agenda when it met this spring. Although Iraq is costing half a trillion dollars while unfit US bridges and obsolete sewer lines kill people, and while our public schools and our healthcare are shortchanged by the war—somehow these organizations have not discovered that the war *is* a domestic issue. A justice issue.

On the flip side of the coin from these domestic-only organizations are some that address only Israeli-Palestinian or Israeli-Arab questions: Americans for Peace Now, Brit Tzedek v'Shalom (the Jewish Alliance for Justice and Peace) and Jewish Voice for Peace. They have evidently felt that it is so hard to engage even progressive Jews on issues where Israeli policy might come under criticism that they have not wanted to dilute their focus by adding Iraq to it. So they have been unwilling to broaden their mission, despite suggestions that the US occupation of Iraq, US-Iranian hostility, US efforts to engage the Saudis in "stabilization" and US hostility to Israeli-Syrian negotiations are all so intertwined with the Israeli-Palestinian question that peace might best be pursued in any of these arenas by trying to reach a grand settlement in the broader Middle East—including Iraq.

One and only one organization that began by addressing Israel-related human rights issues, Rabbis for Human Rights–North America, has expanded its concerns to include US policy elsewhere—by focusing like a laser beam on US denials of human rights, especially the legitimation of torture.

Third, some Jewish organizations may have held back from antiwar organizing for fear of or disgust at working with the few groups in the American antiwar movement that not only criticize some Israeli policies but demonize Israel as a society. But there is one mainstream antiwar coalition—Win Without War—that has no such groups within it and was even mentioned by the URJ resolution of 2005 as laudable. Yet still its only Jewish members are The Shalom Center and Tikkun.

Finally, within almost all the major Jewish organizations

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there are small numbers of people with very large amounts of money. Most are Republicans, and they hollered to high heaven (or somewhere else, since high heaven is exactly where our Oseh Shalom prayer says God teaches peace) at the idea of condemning the war begun and defended by the Bush Administration.

Like great ocean liners, large organizations like the Reform movement need time to change course (though similar organizations like the United Methodist Church saw early that this would be a disastrous war). I sometimes see The Shalom Center as a feisty tugboat, nudging the great ships toward change. In the meantime I honor the excellent work some groups do on issues like rights for women, gays and immigrants. But how much time do they need to catch up with their own constituents when it comes to the Iraq War? And what would it take to renew prophetic energy at least among the rabbis who claim that mantle?

At the Great March for Jobs and Freedom in 1963, I heard Rabbi Joachim Prinz proclaim that silence is a crime. What is breeding silence now? The same old demons: Fear of the wealthy, deference to the powerful and a desire not to alienate "friends," merely to prevent thousands of deaths and maimings—so long as the dead are in someone else's family. Why should this decade be different from any other decade?

When that Jewish antiwar ad appeared in the *Times* back in 2003, I called my daughter in Chicago to tell her it was there. She and my son, who had been children in the 1970s, had bravely walked in antiwar demonstrations then, and they had signed the new ad. In the midst of our conversation, I burst into unexpected tears. I told my daughter that I felt like apologizing to them for my generation's failure. I had thought that what we did in the late sixties and seventies had made another war like that one, like this coming one, impossible. Yet—here we were.

A few weeks later I got up early to carry out my household garbage for the weekly pickup. Grumpy, muttering, cursing—"Every week, the **** garbage!"

And then it hit me: Just as every week we must carry out the garbage from our homes, so every generation, every decade, we must carry out the social and political garbage from our midst. I thought we had "taken out the garbage" of the Vietnam War once and for all. I thought we had "taken out the garbage" of the imperial, pharaonic presidency once and for all. Not so. Again and again, every decade, every generation—new garbage, new wars, new pharaohs, new denials of human rights, new palls of silence, new clouds of despair—to be taken out.

It is only the grassroots Jews—the great majority of whom have already realized how corrupt and lethal the Iraq War is, who have already carried out that garbage from their own homes—who can carry out the garbage of war, of silence, of despair so as to cleanse anew our institutional houses. ■

LETTERS
CONTINUED

(Continued From Page 2)

rect effect on policy, as well as the urgent challenges we still face are very much on the mark.

However, it is incorrect to state there is "no heir to…the freeze movement." Organizationally, there certainly is: Peace Action (formed from the merger of the Nuclear Weapons Freeze Campaign and the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, or SANE), still the largest peace and disarmament organization in the country, with more than 100,000 members. And many other organizations that either started or grew during the freeze heyday in the early 1980s are still going strong.

While the grassroots fervor of the freeze has yet to re-emerge, the impact on public opinion, if not yet on government policy, lives on in the solid support for the global abolition of nuclear weapons, more than 70 percent in opinion polls. And without a doubt, the mass rejection of George W. Bush's quagmire in Iraq is due in no small part to the efforts of peace groups and organizers who trace their roots to the freeze movement, as well as newer organizations and activists.

Peace Action is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary with, among other things, a new book, *Peace Action: Past, Present and Future* (see www.peace-action.org).

KEVIN MARTIN
Executive director, Peace Action

SCHELL REPLIES

New York City

■ I stand corrected by Kevin Martin. Peace Action is the undoubted principal heir to the nuclear freeze movement of the 1980s. The credit due Peace Action is all the greater for its having remained vital and strong while so many—the press, academia, foundations, even the public—turned their backs on the nuclear question. Special honor is due those who remain faithful and active in a cause in the lean years as well as the fat—to the winter soldiers of the antinuclear movement—so permit me to join in heartfelt congratulations to Peace Action on its fiftieth birthday.

It has not, of course, been alone in its long march. The American Friends Service Committee, Women's Action for New Directions, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom and Physicians for Social Responsibility, among many others, have never wavered in their dedication to nuclear abolition. A new group, the National Religious Partnership on the Nuclear Danger, is marshaling antinuclear sentiment in communities of faith. On the West Coast, the Nuclear Age Peace Foundation is at work educating a new generation on the nuclear facts of life, and the Western States Legal Foundation keeps a sharp expert eye on the nuclear weapons labs. The Lawyer's Committee on Nuclear Policy has been steadily refining its excellent proposal for a Nuclear Weapons Convention. Recently, the committee issued a fine, deeply informed fresh appraisal of the nuclear dilemma—*Nuclear Disorder or Cooperative Security?*—which sets forth the new forms that nuclear danger has assumed while people were looking the other way.

Also noteworthy is an article in the *Wall Street Journal*, in which former Secretary of State George Shultz, former Defense Secretary William Perry, former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and former Senator Sam Nunn called for a revival of Ronald Reagan's vision of "a world free of nuclear weapons." The article marks a sea change in established opinion, which previously (with the hugely significant exception of Reagan) had formed a solid phalanx of opposition to nuclear abolition. It would not be more surprising if the four horsemen of the apocalypse had turned around and started galloping the other way. This development creates the happy possibility of finding common ground between those who were on opposite sides of the barricades. And as Martin points out, something like 70 percent of the public agrees with the emerging consensus. Like the antinuclear movement and the defecting nuclear priesthood, people understand that the problem is not just proliferation or nuclear terrorism but nuclear weapons themselves—all of them—which help no one and menace all.

The nuclear danger is ripe and overripe for public rediscovery, which has in fact already begun. This time, it's clear that the goal of all efforts would not just be amelioration—a freeze or reduction or a test ban—but the long-deferred holy grail of all who have struggled against the danger for more than sixty years: the abolition of nuclear arms.

JONATHAN SCHELL

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Passenger

ANDREW RICE

TRAVELS WITH HERODOTUS.
By Ryszard Kapuscinski.
Knopf. 275 pp. $25.

The information-gathering power of the modern bureaucratic state has dealt a serious blow to hagiography. Everyone has secrets, and these days everyone has a file, from Martin Luther King Jr. to Günter Grass. Earlier this year, the tyranny of the paper trail claimed another victim when Poland's edition of *Newsweek* dug into the archives of that country's Communist-era intelligence service and found documents suggesting that Ryszard Kapuscinski, the great itinerant chronicler of the developing world, had also been an informant. Kapuscinski had died just a few months before the disclosure, but his widow called the story "slander," and the late author's many admirers leaped to his defense, questioning the reliability of the archives as well as the motives of Poland's right-wing government, which uses historical inquiry as a political weapon.

On closer examination, though, the documents—at least those that have so far been summarized in English—don't say much about Kapuscinski that would surprise his readers. During the late 1960s and early '70s, at a time when he was stationed in Latin America, he filed brief reports on local politics and Cuban foreign policy and wrote up character sketches of a few notables. His handlers, with a whiff of officious disdain, code-named him Poet. Years after closing his file, they reportedly concluded that the writer "did not pass on any essential material the secret police was interested in."

Reading that last line, I couldn't suppress a chuckle. All journalism is a kind of spycraft, which is one reason intelligence agencies everywhere try to recruit foreign correspondents. And in some ways, Kapuscinski—or at least the identity he created in his books—resembles a character from a pulp paperback. He mysteriously drops into war zones, hitching rides on cargo planes. He drives through burning roadblocks, as he writes in one famous (and famously overheated) passage in his book *The Soccer War*, "along a road where they say no white man can come back alive." He is everywhere, behind and between the front lines, and yet no one ever seems to notice him. At a recent tribute to Kapuscinski's life and work, held as part of a PEN literary festival, Salman Rushdie repeated the journalist's maxim for survival: "I make myself seem not worthy of the bullet." He made himself invisible, in other words: a secret agent. And yet, insinuating as he was, it's hard to imagine a correspondent less likely to make a successful spy. Kapuscinski's acolytes often hail him as an interpreter and explainer—of the Third World, of revolutions, of the experience of despotism—but I think they are missing his point. Kapuscinski describes, he evokes, but for all the unquestionable beauty of his words, he doesn't produce actionable intelligence. He is an oracle of the indeterminate.

Kapuscinski may have played fast and loose with the facts, but he captured deeper truths about the revolutions of the last century.

A few weeks after the revelation from the secret police archives, Kapuscinski's final book, *Travels With Herodotus*, was published in the United States. Unlike Grass, the Polish author did not take this late-life opportunity to explain himself directly. Instead, he wrote an odd sort of memoir, recounting his early years as a journalist and revisiting many of the events that he described in his early works, this time with a focus on quieter moments between the bursts of gunfire. Against these memories, Kapuscinski juxtaposes long passages from Herodotus' *The Histories*,

Andrew Rice has reported from Africa for the New York Times, The Paris Review, The Nation *and other magazines. He is writing a book on Uganda, which will be published next year by Metropolitan.*

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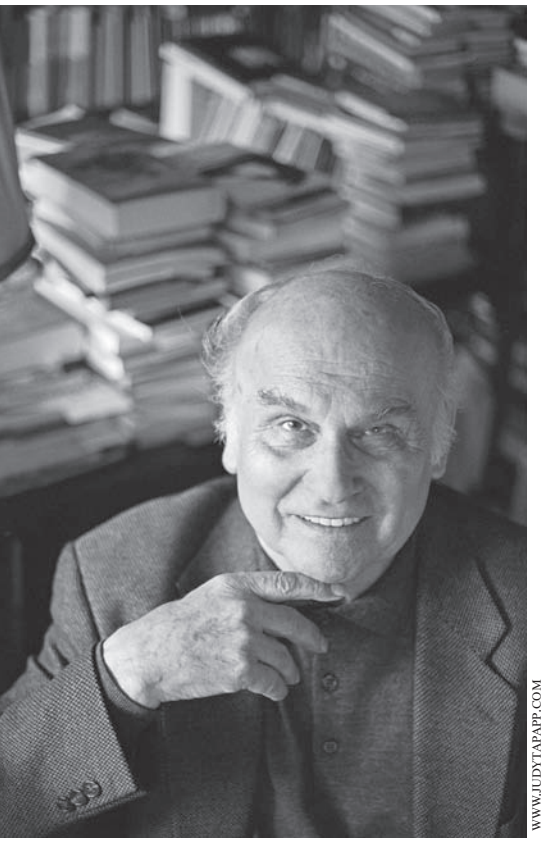
a classic volume he describes as a constant companion. The implication is obvious enough: that the ancient Greek writer—the first historical figure "to realize the world's essential multiplicity," he says—is a stand-in for Kapuscinski himself.

This rather grandiose device allows Kapuscinski to write a veiled apologia, responding to the most persistent criticisms of his journalism: that he engaged in racist stereotyping, was factually sloppy and probably made things up. Herodotus, he writes, "did not, after all, spend his time sitting in archives, and did not produce an academic text, as scholars for centuries after him did, but strove to find out, learn, and portray how history comes into being



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Ryszard Kapuscinski, 2005

every day, how people create it, why its course often runs contrary to their efforts and expectations." If he made generalizations, he came by them honestly, through ceaseless travel, drawing his conclusions from observation, chance encounters and oral testimony. Kapuscinski says Herodotus relied on the wisdom of "ubiquitous guardians of memory" and cites as an example the West African griot, a wandering bard who tells tales of "what happened there once upon a time, what accidents, events, and marvels occurred. And whether what he says is the truth or not, no one can say, and it's best not to look too closely."

Once, when asked to name his style of literature, Kapuscinski used the Latin phrase *silva rerum*: "the forest of things." His life was a dense bramble of intense and fleeting experiences, and it seems they were not acquired without cost. In Kapuscinski's telling, Herodotus is a rootless wanderer, capable of empathy that "is sincere, but superficial." In *The Soccer War*, he described his existence as a reporter similarly:

> Pack the suitcase. Unpack it, pack it, unpack it, pack it: typewriter (Hermes Baby), passport (SA 323273), ticket, airport, stairs, airplane, fasten seat-belt, take off, unfasten seat-belt, flight, rocking, sun, stars, space, hips of strolling stewardesses, sleep, clouds, falling engine speed, fasten seat-belt, descent, circling, landing, earth, unfasten seat-belts, stairs, airport, immunization book, visa, customs, taxi, streets, houses, people, hotel, key, room, stuffiness, thirst, otherness, foreignness, loneliness, waiting, fatigue, life.

Kapuscinski is an extremely personal writer, yet his literary persona is elusive, always vanishing just shy of the moment of true revelation. He wrote about every place he went, but to assemble these accounts into a biographical narrative, a reader must jump around from chapter to chapter and book to book. It was not Kapuscinski's way to tell the story straight. He wrote fairly little about his early life, at least in his main body of work. (There are apparently quite a few of his books that have yet to be translated from Polish.) Kapuscinski was 7 years old in 1939, when Germany and the Soviet Union carved up Poland, and his hometown, now part of Belarus, fell on Stalin's side of the bargain. In his book *Imperium*, he describes how the NKVD marched into town and leveled its church with cannon fire. "A person who lived through a great war is different from someone who never lived through any war," Kapuscinski writes elsewhere. "They are two different species of human beings. They will never find a common language."

The search for words, and their ultimate failure, is a recurring Kapuscinski theme. In *Travels With Herodotus*, he writes of his unquenchable desire as a young man simply "to cross the border." A committed Communist, he joined the staff of a youth newspaper at 23 and quickly became such a journalistic star—based on an investigative report into lousy working conditions at a steel factory—that he was offered a rare overseas posting, to India. With his faltering English, the young Pole was lost there. "I understood that every distinct geographic universe has its own mystery and that one can decipher it only by learning the local language," he writes. But even after he learned to speak, Kapuscinski was still confused, and he wondered whether his mind "was too fully imbued with rationalism and materialism to be able to identify with and grasp a culture as saturated with spirituality and metaphysics as Hinduism." Later, he visited China, where there was a new language, and a new set of misunderstandings. Then he moved on to Africa, the place he'd love best.

By this time, Kapuscinski was a correspondent for the Polish Press Agency, based in the Tanzanian capital of Dar es Salaam. It was 1962, and colonialism was ending with a rush. Tanzania's future president, Julius Nyerere, was talking of creating "African socialism," and Dar was a gathering place for Marxists, Maoists, Pan-Africanists, liberation fighters and covert operatives—even Che Guevara for a while, while he fomented revolution in Congo. "It seemed now as if half the world had converged upon it," Kapuscinski later wrote, and he was struck "by the fact that these worlds met, mixed and coexisted without the mediation, and to some degree, without the knowledge and consent of Europe." Kapuscinski was caught up in the heady mood. In a remembrance recounted to Anna Mateja and first published in the Polish weekly *Tygodnik Powszechny*, the diplomat Jerzy Nowak recalls walking along Dar's Indian Ocean shoreline with Kapuscinski and listening as his journalist friend expressed outrage at the continent's poverty and his conviction "about this necessity of doing something for millions of people."

Kapuscinski soon discovered, as all journalists do, the limits of his perishable discipline. As Africa's optimism turned to tumult, he drove around, took notes and filed stories constantly, "because only when the folios full of [a wire reporter's] collected correspondence are breaking at the seams and spilling out of the cabinets back at the home office can he count on their saying approvingly: That one's all right." According to Kapuscinski's oft-quoted jacket bio, he witnessed twenty-seven revolutions and coups in his career, which means he actually missed quite a few: There were forty in Africa alone in the first two decades of the independence era. He had adventures, and serious scares. In *The Shadow of the Sun*, his book on Africa, Kapuscinski recounts his efforts to get to Zanzibar to cover its 1964 uprising and his even more harebrained attempt to escape the island in a motorboat, which was tossed back to shore by a monsoon. He

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constantly works such motifs: Life in the places he covered is about confusion, weakness, sickness, extremities of heat and cold, boredom and irrational dangers that appear without warning.

Elements missing from the narratives—though not from his actual existence, one presumes—include genuine friendship, familial love, sexual desire and explicit violence. Killing in a book by Kapuscinski is like sex in a Billy Wilder movie: The genius is all in the suggestion.

Another thing that is absent from Kapuscinski's writing is deep political analysis. Let me qualify that. He is brilliant at describing two types of phenomena: the way an individual ruler amasses and then squanders power, and the way the masses mobilize for war and revolution. Yet there is a curious generality to the way he treats these subjects. He mentions facts like dates and names perfunctorily, or not at all. (In *Another Day of Life*, his book on Angola, the historical background information is stuck in a final, tacked-on chapter titled "ABC.") It's as if every lesson is meant to be universal. This is one reason his masterful portrait of Haile Selassie, *The Emperor*, could simultaneously be permitted by Poland's Communist authorities as a study of a failing reactionary and read by anti-Communists as an allegory for the Polish regime itself.

As this example suggests, playing down his political judgments may have been a practical adaptation. Every drama Kapuscinski described—from the fall of Lumumba in Congo to the rise of the ayatollahs in Iran—was, to some extent, a proxy battle of the cold war. Yet he seldom gets into the geopolitical calculations, for good reason. In *The Soccer War*, he writes that after one of his first trips to Africa, where he'd been sent to cover fighting in Congo as a guest of a beleaguered and brutal leftist rebel faction, he returned home to an angry confrontation with "a certain comrade from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs," who briefly rescinded his authorization to travel abroad. "What have you been writing, you?" Kapuscinski recalls him saying. "You call the revolution anarchy!" Maybe we can imagine the compromises a man like Kapuscinski might make in order to retain the precious privilege of crossing the border.

However he managed it, Kapuscinski kept moving: to Latin America at the end of the 1960s, to Ethiopia and Angola at their times of upheaval, to the Middle East and Iran to witness the fall of Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi. In 1981, with the declaration of martial law in Poland, he resigned from the Communist Party. His movements, like those of all Poles, were restricted. But it was around this time, when his journalistic journeys ceased, that Kapuscinski crossed another kind of border.

The Emperor, published in the United States in 1983, was the first of Kapuscinski's many books to be translated into English. It's difficult to exaggerate the wonder the book inspired. Here, from a drab corner of the Eastern bloc, was a journalist who wrote about dictatorship like a magical realist. The book's setup is simple: Kapuscinski travels to Ethiopia to cover the country's Marxist revolution. In the evenings, after work, he visits Selassie's fugitive courtiers, who confide impressions of their deposed ruler: his canniness, his vanity, his delusions. When the book was published, Kapuscinski rejected allegorical interpretations—which were especially popular among Polish intellectuals—but by the end of his life, he seems to have embraced them. "For within every great book," he writes in *Travels With Herodotus*, "there are several others."

In a way, *The Emperor* is Kapuscinski's least characteristic work, in that for the most part, he leaves the narration to others, the courtiers he calls by anonymous initials. (Whether those initials belonged to real people, we shall see, is an open question.) More typical—and in many ways superior—is *Another Day of Life*, a book he published in Poland two years before *The Emperor*, though it was not translated until 1987. It is the story of his experiences in the Angolan capital of Luanda in 1975, as the Portuguese colonial army retreated and three armed factions did battle. Its first sentence reads: "This is a very personal book, about being alone and lost." Most of his books were written with considerable retrospective distance, but Kapuscinski published *Another Day of Life* immediately after the events he describes, and the prose bristles with the specificity of fresh recollection. The departing Portuguese, packing to leave, erect a "wooden city, the city of crates," which sails off on ships one day. Every town looks "like a ghastly, corroding movie set built on the outskirts of Hollywood and already abandoned by the film crew." Ragged army uniforms inspire a marvelous Kapuscinski sen-

Jazz As a Way of Life

The landscape riffs on what works where,
Scrub brush dirt, scrub brush dirt, bougainvillea
Pamplemousse-style on sandstone
Declining to absorb
The blues and grays.
It's radio day at Hillside Elementary
And the sea is tuning
Its seriocomic static into a new life,
A true light
That comes in a little box
In quantities of two or four. The salesman
Resists the urge to alliterate. He's picked up
The idea that it makes him sound illiterate.
He thanks his lucky day record
He has the San Diego territory,
The percentage of lounges
He hasn't embodied the spirit of error in here
Is still high. He's not high. The principal
Is singing along with the hundred and one
Strings, and the sea is staring
Disconsolately at the closed-up little clubs
That dot the roadside cliffs. That dot.
That sweet and precious dot.

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tence: "This is an indigent war, attired in cheap calico."

The Soccer War, a collection of magazine-length stories, and *Shah of Shahs*, about the Iranian Revolution, followed in quick succession, completing a period of remarkable creative output. These books are full of unforgettable images. On New Year's Eve 1979, Kapuscinski stands outside the captured US Embassy in Tehran, shivering as he peers into its lighted, empty rooms, thinking of the parties going on back home. In *The Soccer War*'s title story, he stumbles through the blacked-out streets of the Honduran capital, looking for a telex machine so he can wire news of the outbreak of hostilities with El Salvador. Blind and lost, he knocks over a metal garbage can, which rolls down a sloped cobblestone street. "I lay on the pavement, hugging it, frightened, sweating," Kapuscinski writes. "I had committed an act of treason: the enemy, unable to find the city in this darkness and silence, could now locate it by the racket of the garbage can."

There are so many scenes like this that I struggle to choose the ones to quote: situations so vivid, so funny and frightening, so perfectly apt. So perfect, in fact, that one can't help but suspect they were creations of Kapuscinski's imagination. The verisimilitude question has been there since the beginning. In an otherwise ecstatic 1983 review of *The Emperor* for *The New Yorker*, John Updike wrote, "One wonders how much of the elegant style of Abyssinian testimony…was smuggled in by way of Mr. Kapuscinski's Polish." More recently, in a voluminous takedown published in the *Times Literary Supplement*, John Ryle claimed that the courtly patterns of speech *The Emperor*'s anonymous narrators used—all those titles and honorifics—do not exist in Amharic. Ryle also pointed out many other misperceptions, exaggerations and inaccuracies in Kapuscinski's work, coining a derisive nickname for his style: "tropical baroque."

Did he really knock over that trash can? Kapuscinski might ask in reply, Did Samuel Johnson really kick a stone outside church one day, saying, "I refute it thus"? Just as Boswell invented the modern biography, Kapuscinski viewed himself as a writer working outside existing categories. "New Journalism was the beginning, in liquidating the border between fact and fiction," he said in a 1987 *Granta* interview. "But New Journalism was ultimately just journalism describing the strangeness of America. I think we have gone beyond all that. It is not a New Journalism, but a New Literature."

At the same time, Kapuscinski was resolutely vague about what, precisely, he'd invented. In *Travels With Herodotus*, he falls back on the old fabulist's defense, the mutability of memory, saying, "The past does not exist. There are only infinite renderings of it." I think this a failure on his part, and I think this failure matters. But I can't bring myself to dispense with what's true in Kapuscinski just because some things are falsified. Like many journalists of my generation, I traveled to Africa with copies of his books in my backpack, and rereading them now, I am struck by how many essential things he got right. I never went to Angola, but I once drove a pickup truck across Mozambique, a country evacuated by the Portuguese under similar circumstances, and I'll be damned if the crumbling towns along the road didn't look just like abandoned film sets. I've been to the bus station in Accra, and it really does bring to mind, as Kapuscinski writes in *The Shadow of the Sun*, the "caravan of a huge circus that has come to a brief stop." His reputation lies in his rendering of war, but I think he's at his best when he's describing the dull rhythms of daily life. In his hands, an interminable wait for the bus to depart becomes an epiphany, as he stares into the mute faces of his fellow passengers and ponders the African concept of time.

"What, in the meantime, is going on inside their heads?" he asks. "I do not know. Are they thinking? Dreaming? Reminiscing? Making plans? Meditating? Traveling in the world beyond? It is difficult to say."

Anyone who's ever sat through a long, unexplained delay can relate to the experience of feeling trapped inside one's own consciousness—I've felt the same thing on a stalled subway—but because Kapuscinski is a white man writing about Africans, such passages are subjected to special scrutiny. He's been called a racist, and certainly his fondness for generalization leads to some cringe-worthy pronouncements. "The Hindu is a relaxed being, while the Chinese is a tense and vigilant one." "Latins are obsessed with spies, intelligence conspiracies and plots." "Any group of Iranians immediately organizes itself according to hierarchical principles." "With Armenians one must typically expect to talk only about Armenians." I'm inclined to see these as forgivable misjudgments from a man who came of age in a time when notions of distinct national and racial identity had not yet been banished from polite conversation—but then again, that's easy for me to say, since Kapuscinski never wrote about Americans. I think the debate does touch something fundamental, though. Ultimately, Kapuscinski sees the world as composed of tribes, and for all his travels among them, he doesn't believe that they can ever really communicate with one another.

In *Another Day of Life*, Kapuscinski describes a general mobilization of young Angolan men and reflects that a child born in that year, 1975, would be 25 when the next millennium came. "Half of humanity will have slant eyes. Half of humanity will not understand what the other half is saying," he predicts. "The white race will enter the vestigial phase." He opens *Shah of Shahs* with a vision of protesting masses on the streets of Tehran: "On a million screens an infinite number of people are saying something to us, trying to convince us of something, gesturing, making faces, getting excited, smiling, nodding their heads, pointing their fingers, and we don't know what it's about." At the book's end, he returns to the image, no less confounded. "I am trying to understand them, but over and over again I stumble into a dark region and lose my way. They have a different attitude to life and death. They react differently to the sight of blood."

After the Berlin wall fell, Kapuscinski went back to work, traversing the former Soviet Union for his final work of original reportage. *Imperium* may be his weakest book. Russia, of course, was a place every Pole knew all too well, but proximity seems to have wilted his descriptive powers. By this time, Kapuscinski had won worldwide fame as a literary stylist, and his flourishes had started to overwhelm his writing. The sentence fragments. The exclamation points! The trick of deploying adjectives in triplicate, once a poetic device reserved for special occasions, is put to use on every page, and it comes to feel forced, pretentious, tiresome. Kapuscinski seems to summon his old narrative vigor only when he visits the Caucasus, a region falling into ethnic conflict. At this moment, when the cold war's twin towers of Babel are collapsing, the Polish journalist declares that "three contagions" threaten the world: nationalism, racism and religious fundamentalism.

> All three share one trait, a common denominator—an aggressive, all-powerful, total irrationality. Anyone stricken with one of these plagues is beyond reason. In his head burns a sacred pyre that awaits only its sacrificial victims. Every attempt at calm conversation will fail.… A mind touched by such a contagion is a closed mind, one-dimensional, monothematic,

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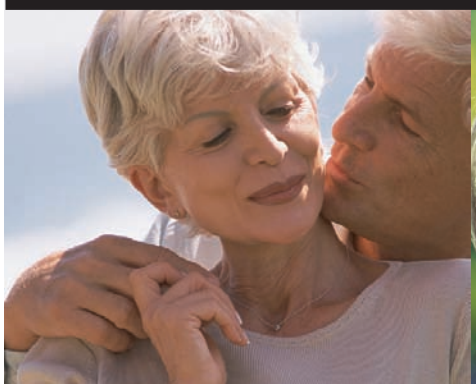

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> spinning round one subject only—its enemy. Thinking about our enemy sustains us, allows us to exist.

So he was right about the future. But he was wrong about many things, and of these, I believe the most important was his evident belief that the confusion he felt everywhere was an inborn and incurable human condition. It is possible to come to understand another place, but it takes sustained attention. You have to stop moving for a while. Kapuscinski never did. He once wrote that every time he tried to slow down, "a red light starts blinking on the map—the signal that at some point on this overcrowded, restless and quarrelsome globe, something is again happening." Particularly in his last two books, both semi-memoirs, Kapuscinski describes moments of great joy, but they are almost always experienced alone, or in the company of some passing companion who does not possess a name or a persona.

For all his efforts to know the world, Kapuscinski seems not to have known many people, at least in the literary sense. I can think of only a handful of memorable characters in all his books. The fawning attendants of Haile Selassie, in awe of the emperor's power. Carlotta, a daring, doomed soldier who escorts Kapuscinski to the front in Angola. Mahmud Azari, an Iranian translator who returns home from London in the last days of the Shah and ends up participating in the revolution, though not before being forced into superficial collaboration by some sinister men from the ruling party. As Colin Thubron pointed out recently in *The New York Review of Books*, Azari's experience of authoritarianism could be taken to stand for Kapuscinski's own. And it seems to me that, in fact, all of his characters—whether or not they really existed—could be seen the same way, as reflections of the author's personality. His true journey may have been an inward one.

But what a fascinating trip it was. In *Travels With Herodotus*, where his identification with his title character is nearly explicit, he writes:

> We do not know in what guise Herodotus traveled. As a merchant (the proverbial occupation of people of the Levant)? Probably not, since he had no interest in prices, goods, markets. As a diplomat? That profession did not exist yet. As a spy? But for which state? As a tourist? No, tourists travel to rest, whereas Herodotus works hard on the road—he is a reporter, an anthropologist, an ethnographer, a historian.

At the end of the book, Kapuscinski pays a visit to Herodotus' hometown, which is now in Turkey. As usual, he is alone, and as he checks into his hotel, he notices that the boy at the front desk is suffering from "an acute case of periostitis, with a face so horribly swollen that I was afraid the pus would tear his cheek apart at any moment." As it happens, a barracks sentry in *Another Day of Life* suffers from the same condition, described almost identically, and while some might see this remarkable coincidence as one more opportunity to level the accusation of fictionalization, the sentimentalist in me would like to accept it as the author's allusive signal that his story has come full circle. Kapuscinski visits a museum, where he looks at some ancient objects that have been retrieved from the bottom of the sea. Then, in a concluding paragraph, set apart by a line break, he describes one final encounter:

> I returned to the hotel. At reception, in place of the dolorous boy, stood a young black-eyed Turkish girl. When she saw me, she adjusted her facial expression so that the professional smile meant to invite and tempt tourists was tempered by tradition's injunction always to maintain a serious and indifferent mien toward a strange man. ■

Getting Away With Murder

PETER CANBY

THE ART OF POLITICAL MURDER: Who Killed the Bishop?
By Francisco Goldman. Grove. 396 pp. $25.

The recent history of Guatemala is in many ways the tale of a country being gradually overwhelmed by crime, but in February Guatemala was rocked by a crime sensational even by its standards. Three prominent Salvadoran legislators—including Eduardo D'Aubuisson, son of the infamous rightist Roberto D'Aubuisson—were on their way to Guatemala City for a meeting of the Central American Parliament, a legislative body created in 1986 to try to heal the rifts that run through this fractious region. Not far from Guatemala City, the luxury SUV carrying the legislators was ambushed and diverted to a rural farm, where the three Salvadorans—along with their chauffeur—were riddled with bullets and then torched inside their vehicle.

A transponder soon revealed the kidnappers to be members of the Guatemalan National Police, including the head of its organized crime division. The accused cops were locked up in El Boquerón, a maximum-security prison forty miles outside Guatemala City.

A few days later, all visitors to the prison were asked to leave, and in full view of a public already riveted by the initial crime, a team of assassins passed unimpeded through a series of locked gates, shot the police in their cells, slit their throats and promptly disappeared. According to the *Los Angeles Times*, a group of FBI investigators sent to help Guatemala with the subsequent investigation were "appalled" by the conduct of their Guatemalan counterparts and found the crime scenes compromised and obvious leads not followed up. A Central American intelligence official told the *LA Times*'s Héctor Tobar that Guatemalan investigators "simply and intentionally refused to pass information to the FBI."

This double crime is unlikely ever to be solved, and to many observers it offers further proof of the degree to which organized crime has penetrated, perhaps even come to dominate, the structures of the Guatemalan state. Somewhere between 60 and 90 percent of the cocaine destined for the United States is estimated to pass through Guatemala, and narco-traffickers reportedly make regular payments of up to $5,000 a month to well-connected law enforcement officials.

"It's not that organized crime has penetrated the police force or the Interior Ministry," Luis Ramírez, an analyst at the Guatemalan Institute of Comparative Studies of Penal Science, told Nancy San Martin of the *Miami Herald*. "Organized crime is directing the police, the ministry, and the military."

Guatemala is not the world's only crime-dominated state, but what distinguishes its

Peter Canby, a senior editor at The New Yorker, *is the author of* The Heart of the Sky: Travels Among the Maya *(HarperCollins).*

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predicament is how the crime wave came about. For the country's lawlessness is, in many ways, the logical outcome of the peace accords that ended its brutal, long-running internal war. That war came to a close in 1996, when the United Nations brokered an ambitious peace treaty between the state's armed forces—sustained by overt and covert support from the United States—and leftist guerrillas who had fought them for decades. An integral part of the treaty was the plan to create strong civil institutions, including police and a judiciary, to guide Guatemala back to democratic life. But while the fighting between the guerrillas and the army has come to an end, the violence has not. At the time of the peace negotiations, the guerrillas held the weak hand. The police and other security forces were never purged or rebuilt, and the feeling of many observers is that the security forces, having discovered the efficacy of torture and assassination during the long war, are now using these same techniques, to greater effect, to promote criminal cartels.

The men with guns have shed their ideological slogans, but they continue to enjoy impunity—put more crudely, the ability to get away with murder. There are more than 5,000 murders a year in Guatemala, but only 2 percent of them result in arrests. "It's a paradise for organized crime," Anders Kompass, a United Nations representative in Guatemala, told Manuel Roig-Franzia of the *Washington Post*. "The state apparatus is weak. The impunity rate is very high. This [the February murders] has shown that organized crime has penetrated at a much higher level than we ever thought."

Francisco Goldman's new book, *The Art of Political Murder*, is about another murder in Guatemala—perhaps the only other Guatemalan murder to surpass the February murders in notoriety. The book's subject is the fatal bludgeoning of Bishop Juan Gerardi Conedera in his Guatemala City parish house—Guatemala's so-called "crime of the century." Goldman's account of the search for and arrest of the perpetrators is gripping. More significant, though, it also sheds light on the ways Guatemala has become a place where bishops can be murdered in the middle of the capital and Central American legislators can be assassinated in broad daylight by the head of the police department's organized crime division.

Bishop Gerardi, the son of Italian immigrants, was a large, genial man. He stood over six feet tall, weighed some 235 pounds

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and liked drinking Scotch and telling jokes. Despite his affable qualities, Bishop Gerardi played a central role in the politics of Guatemala's war. In 1974 he was appointed bishop of the Quiché diocese, a largely Indian region of Guatemala's highlands. During the war, Quiché was hit especially hard by violence. In 1980, after escaping an assassination attempt and in response to the army's murderous rampage against not just priests and lay Catholics but also many thousands of indigenous villagers, Gerardi made the unprecedented choice to shut down the diocese. He was soon forced into exile by Guatemala's military junta. Several years later, upon his return to Guatemala, he was put in charge of the church's human rights office in Guatemala City. On April 24, 1998, he issued a massive, church-sponsored human rights report based on testimony from approximately 50,000 victims of political violence (mostly Maya Indians) and backed by files naming the perpetrators (mostly members of the army and other security services).

Two days later, Gerardi, then 75, was followed into his parish house and bludgeoned to death with a cement block. It was widely assumed that the motive for the bishop's murder was the release of the report. The armed forces had hoped to emerge from the peace process with what amounted to an amnesty. They were willing to accept an accounting of the violence—an estimated 200,000 Guatemalans, mostly Maya Indians, had been killed over the course of the war—but since the armed forces had committed the vast majority of those murders, they made it clear that they would not tolerate having specific names and units attached. Gerardi's report did just this—not in the report itself but in the diocesan files, which, at the time the report was issued, the bishop's office had promised to make available to the public. In contrast to the military's desire for an amnesty, Gerardi argued for an accounting of the violence and stressed on many occasions that human rights abuses should not be protected by a culture of silence or, as Goldman puts it, "a legal system that effectively gave certain institutions and sectors of society carte blanche to commit crimes."

Even knowing the army was likely responsible for the bishop's murder, finding the evidence to indict specific members of the military, or a court that would prosecute the case, was another matter. Despite tens of thousands of extrajudicial killings stretching back for decades, at the time of Bishop Gerardi's murder no Guatemalan commissioned officer had ever been convicted of a murder. Indeed, in many ways the investigation and prosecution of Gerardi's murder became a high-profile test case for the UN's plan to assert the primacy of civil authority. It is not clear that there would have been a prosecution without the prestige of the UN behind it.

Goldman is Guatemalan by heritage and a successful and well-known novelist. This is his first nonfiction book, and it is a tour de force, not just for his reportorial tenacity (he followed the case for eight years, long after the international press had lost interest) but because his novelist's eye and his deep understanding of Guatemalan society take you places no other reporter could: inside the death squads; inside the world of political assassination; inside the gangs and prisons; and out among the legions of psychotic, traumatized, unbalanced, underemployed veterans who are the perpetrators of so much of Guatemala's crime.

The Gerardi murder turns out to have been run out of the Estado Mayor Presidencial, an elite military unit responsible for the security of the president and his family. The EMP, as it is known, was a dreaded organization that, during the war, had been the agent of much of the army's interrogation and torture. The perpetrators of the Gerardi murder, who were eventually tried and convicted, were Col. Byron Disrael Lima Estrada; his son, Capt. Byron Lima Oliva; and Sgt. Maj. Obdulio Villanueva, a particularly brutal NCO with a history of political violence.

Colonel Lima was a former head of military intelligence and a man said to have incinerated, during the war, 400 Maya Indians who had taken refuge in a church (an incident apparently described in Bishop Gerardi's report). Captain Lima and Sergeant Major Villanueva were members of the Kaibiles, a Guatemalan special forces unit that reportedly required its trainees to adopt a puppy on induction and strangle it with their bare hands upon graduation. A Kaibil specialty is decapitation by razor-sharp bayonet; in recent years, former Kaibiles have put themselves out for hire with Mexican drug cartels and set new standards for depraved violence in the cartel war zones of the Mexico–United States border.

Nothing was easy about the prosecution and conviction of Gerardi's murderers. Thugs broke into the home of the executive director of the Archdiocesan Human Rights Office, terrorized his children and left him a gift box containing a chunk of concrete similar to the one used

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to assassinate the bishop. An intruder also broke into the home of the Human Rights Office's legal coordinator, forced him to kneel in his bathroom—in the presence of his wife and children—while the intruder held a gun to his head and told him that he wasn't going to kill him, just deliver a warning. Most of the important witnesses made statements and then fled the country. Judges were harassed and threatened—one had two grenades tossed into her backyard. The chief prosecutor's wife, the mother of a 1-year-old child, received repeated phone calls with such messages as "Your husband hasn't come home yet? Well, he's not coming home."

Perhaps most interesting, however, was what happened to the Limas after their initial convictions and while they were imprisoned during the appeals process. Both Limas, according to Goldman, are members of a secret brotherhood of present and former military officers known as the Cofradía. The Cofradía (which is also implicated in the February murders) is said to be heavily involved in narcotics trafficking and to be a kind of military shadow government in Guatemala. The Cofradía takes care of its own, and according to documents cited by Goldman, the Limas were permitted to run lucrative rackets (possibly including narcotics) inside the prison. Captain Lima, an admirer of Pinochet (Colonel Lima prefers Hitler), was able to patrol the prison wearing a black ski mask and forcing his fellow inmates to assemble and shout out, "Good morning, Guatemala!"

But things have changed in Guatemala since the end of the war, and the prisons are increasingly filled with members of Guatemala's *maras*—savage, violent, working-class gangs that run narcotics rackets of their own. In prison, Captain Lima's autocratic militarism, standard for the armed forces during the war, soon wore thin on gang members. In February 2003, gang members led an attack specifically targeting Captain Lima. Although the gang didn't know it, Captain Lima and his father were out at classes at the time of the attack; two of the *maras*—Psycho and Chopper—managed to corner Sergeant Major Villanueva. He tried to flee through a hole in the wall but proved too fat and became stuck. The *maras* cut off his head and then stuffed a little military doll that Captain Lima kept on his prison bed into the sergeant's brain case.

Throughout the investigation and trial, prosecutors expressed their feeling that the issue was more than just Bishop Gerardi's murder but the larger question of what happens when a sector of the population becomes accustomed to working with total impunity. Although the original logic of this impunity had been counterinsurgency, prosecutors argued, once the guerrillas had disappeared the structures carried on were the same—though increasingly devoted to graft rather than counterinsurgency. During the trial, a member of the United Nations mission observed that "Guatemalans in the military had gotten rich through criminal activities such as narcotics trafficking, kidnapping, automobile theft, dealing in contraband, extortion, and so on." He referred to this array of illegal enterprise as "the clandestine underbelly of official power" and noted that it depended on the military's "being able to commit crimes with impunity."

At the end of Goldman's book, after the courts—improbably—have upheld the convictions of the Limas, Goldman finds cause for guarded optimism. Postwar civil society has prevailed in this case, and there appears to be a court-approved mandate for the investigation of a possible wider conspiracy involving the bishop's assassination. One of the named targets of this expanded investigation is the far-right presidential candidate Gen. Otto Pérez Molina, who is one of the two finalists in this fall's electoral runoff. But Goldman also implies that the military may have cut the Limas off for what, in the postwar era, may have been too crude and too blatantly political a crime. If the February murders indicate anything, it may be that the military has successfully kept its impunity intact and used it to move on to bigger, subtler and no doubt more lucrative crimes. ■

EVENTS

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■ November 9–11: Join Christopher Hitchens, Alan Dershowitz, Peter Singer, Neil deGrasse Tyson, Wendy Kaminer and other renowned speakers at the Center for Inquiry's 2007 conference on religion, secularism and politics. Events will take place at the New York Academy of Sciences at 7 World Trade Center, overlooking the Freedom Tower construction site. VIP reception Friday evening, November 9. Register at www.centerforinquiry.net/secularsociety or by calling (718) 636-4869 ext. 308.

Universal Health Care Foundation of New York

■ Inaugural reception, October 30, 5–7 PM at 1199 SEIU Conference Center, 330 West 42nd Street. Come and honor outstanding leaders and organizations that have contributed greatly to the universal healthcare movement: Assemblyman Richard Gottfried, Dr. Oliver Fein and the NY State Nurses Association. For invitations to the reception and information about the foundation: loulevi@aol.com, or write Universal Health Care Foundation of New York, 155 West 72nd Street, Suite 402, New York, NY 10023.

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WASHINGTON, DC

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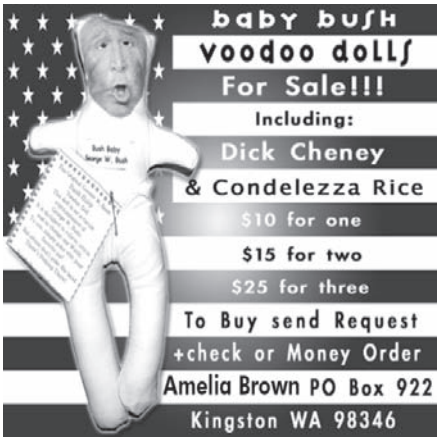

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OKLAHOMA *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUPS. Eastern Oklahoma: Howard Kelley, (918) 627-9136. Central Oklahoma: Dyrinda Tyson-Jones, (405) 265-0191. http://groups.yahoo.com/group/nation_okc/.

ALBUQUERQUE *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP meeting regularly. Call (505) 797-1455 or e-mail h.aarli@comcast.net for more information.

BRANDON, FL, *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP FORMING. Contact Mary, (813) 689-8859.

ORGANIZATIONS

BRONX (RIVERDALE)/WESTCHESTER, NY, *NATION* DISCUSSION Group meets one afternoon a month. For further information please phone Florence Gold at (718) 549-1601.

CINCINNATI *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP meets regularly. Call Judith or Herbert Shapiro at (513) 861-4641.

EASTERN OKLAHOMA *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP looking for members. Please contact Howard Kelley at (918) 627-9136.

INTERESTED IN JOINING THE HOUSTON *NATION* DISCUSSION group? Contact Charles Mauch at (713) 524-2492 or e-mail chasmauch@aol.com.

MONTPELIER, VT, *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP is meeting. For information call (802) 229-9918 or e-mail lnichol@vtlink.net.

SOUTHERN VERMONT *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP is forming, centered in Wilmington and the surrounding towns of Marlboro, Halifax, Whitingham, Readsboro, Woodford and West Dover, but all interested persons from the Brattleboro, Greenfield and Bennington areas invited to join. For information please call Bob Silverman, (802) 464-5149.

NORTH JERSEY *NATION* DISCUSSION GROUP: Coordinator is Trudy Anschuetz. Call (973) 746-4135 or e-mail TGOBLUE1@aol.com.

PLEASANTON, CA, Fremont, San Ramon, Danville, Dublin, Livermore *Nation* discussion group now forming. Call John at (925) 462-6815 or e-mail supervalue10@aol.com.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

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***NATION* STUDENT OUTREACH:** Attention student activists! If you're involved in organizing a progressive event, lecture or film festival on your campus or in your community and would like to distribute copies of *The Nation*, please let us know by calling (212) 209-5416.

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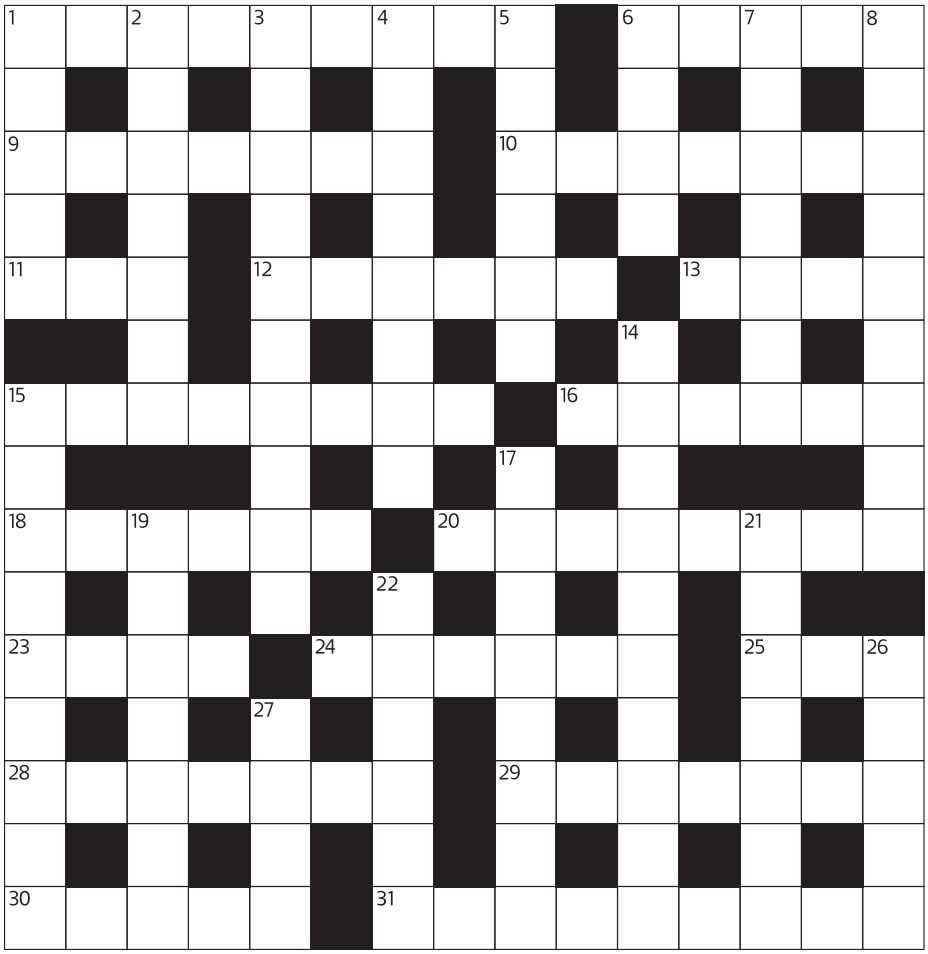

ACROSS

1 What the elephant did shows how Louis "blew it." (9)

6 and **27** down Enjoy youself, and throw a dance! (4,1,4)

9 Such types don't like fighting. (7)

10 Proving that beginners have an absence of wrong-doing. (7)

11 What you have when you put two and two together. (3)

12 A sort of **27** that Little Red carried, being really game. (6)

13 The jury does without certain drinks, which should be good exercise. (4)

15 The youngster carries his fishing rods, but these could turn out to be real jumpers. (8)

16 Look at what's on top of the can—you close more than one every night. (6)

18 The wrong name with the Spanish for a toothy covering. (6)

20 A clever accomplishment in something like a clarinet, which is recovered in a way. (8)

23 A sort of 27 which is really at the bottom. (4)

24 Describing a fairly big amount, seemingly in a rather nice fashion, but nothing in a reverent state. (6)

25 What the pushy types do to the lawn has a lady returning without an article. (3)

28 What the keenly observing batter does is a slangy way to see things. (7)

29 One under your patronage—possibly a golf instructor to get back a point. (7)

30 It's great, but this head thinks too much of himself! (5)

31 A measure of what the footballer hopes to gain at the sound of the clock. (9)

DOWN

1 Captures part of the drummer's effects. (5)

2 Possibly mute, and very wild. (7)

3 Part of the chess set gets smashed, right? (See your uncle in London!) (10)

4 Sort of hurts when he's following some birds! (8)

5 A place in Scotland where a dull, grayish brown hangs over the river. (6)

6 A nortoriously busy place, which I very much have to point out. (4)

7 Something to eat gets cut, chopped up in the glass container. (7)

8 Coeds' band scattered and left in a hurry. (9)

14 Easy end? No, the Empire State has a computer adjunct, but there's no point to it being equivalent in meaning. (10)

15 Typified by the Shakers, or old birds related to the thrasher. (9)

17 Mineral, first starting out old, old and boxlike. (8)

19 Is the USA wrong to have a tree chopped in such a harsh fasion? (7)

21 It may be in ruins, but the companion to Circumstance gets three vowels. (7)

22 A sort of 27 that implies a lot of shooting of a different kind. (6)

26 A gastropod which starts out with a lodge type (or a deerskin, by the sound of it). (5)

27 See 6 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 3095

A	P	O	L	O	G	E	T	I	C	A	L	L	Y	■
U	■	P	■	R	■	E	■	N	■	L	■	E	■	P
T	R	I	V	I	A	L	■	T	R	A	V	A	I	L
O	■	A	■	E	■	S	■	E	■	M	■	F	■	A
P	O	T	E	N	T	■	B	R	O	O	K	L	Y	N
S	■	E	■	T	■	B	■	T	■	■	■	E	■	■
I	■	S	W	A	L	L	O	W	■	S	I	T	E	S
E	■	■	■	L	■	A	■	I	■	H	■	■	■	T
S	L	U	R	S	■	C	A	N	T	A	T	A	■	A
■	■	N	■	■	■	K	■	E	■	M	■	N	■	T
G	R	E	A	T	E	S	T	■	B	R	I	D	G	E
U	■	A	■	A	■	M	■	L	■	O	■	A	■	M
M	A	R	T	I	N	I	■	I	N	C	E	N	S	E
S	■	T	■	L	■	T	■	A	■	K	■	T	■	N
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